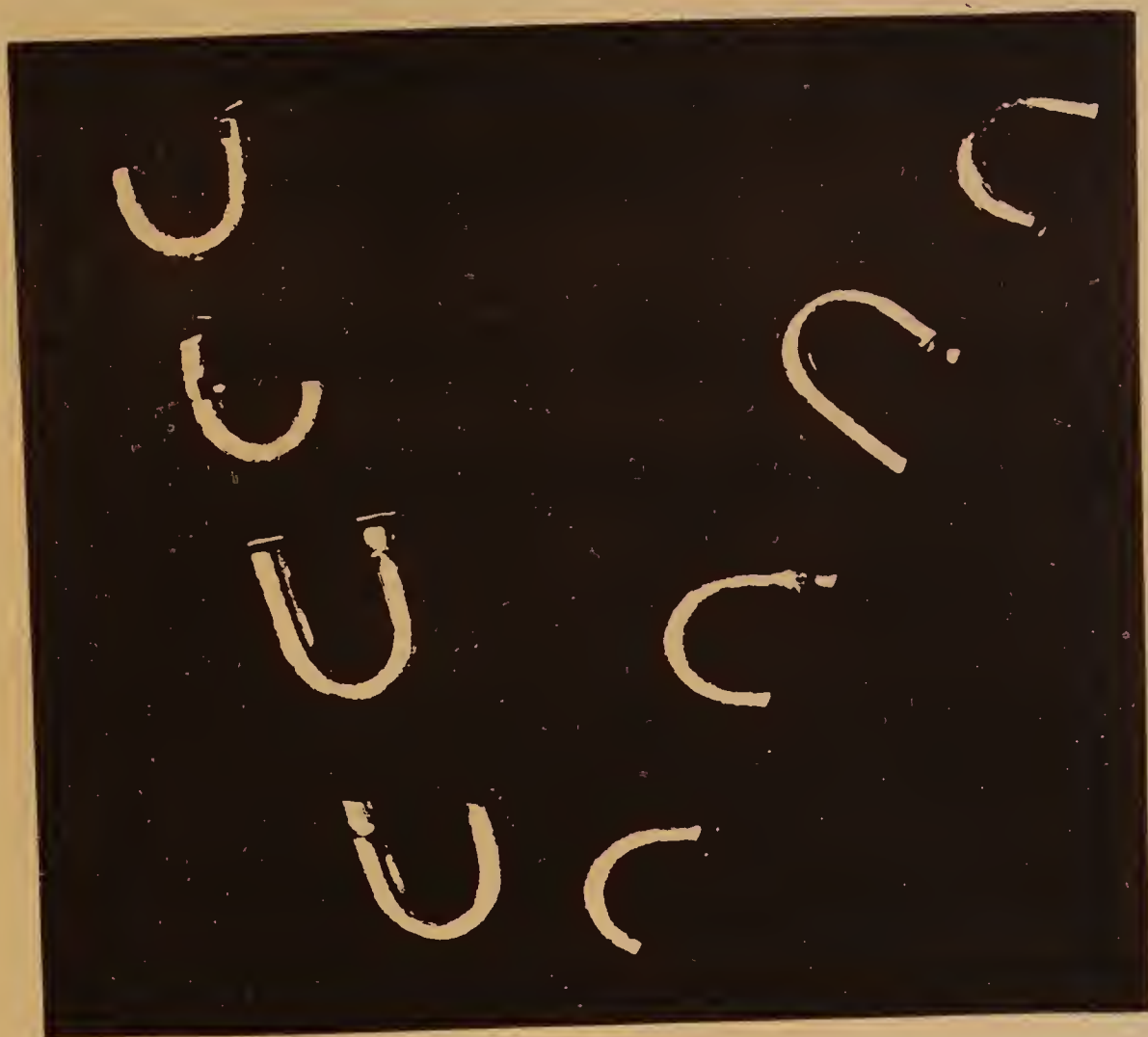


Space City!

Houston, Texas : April 20-26, 1972 : 25 cents



HOUSTON'S EIGHT

letters

We are in the process of moving our office; a permanent mailing address will be published in the next issue. Thanks for bearing with us!

Its All a Sham!

Dear People,

Starting May 1, an unemployed person who applies for food stamps must have either a TEC (Texas Employment Commission) registration card or a physician to sign a statement of unemployability.

Physicians cost money and Ben Taub is a sham. But if you approach TEC at your freakiest they usually won't even bother to send you on any interviews. They give you the registration card and tell you to come back some other time.

The food stamp office will also ask you for rent receipts or a letter from your landlord. Don't fake it, as they verify. Also take any pay vouchers for the last four weeks. Report only the income which you pay tax on. The less you make, the cheaper the stamps.

This country has a vast agricultural surplus, but food costs continue to rise. Isn't that strange?

Let us get our shit together and return some of this hoarded wealth to the people. Score Food Stamps.

Anonymous Revolutionary

A Sunday at the Park

Dear brothers and sisters,

Last Sunday a friend of mine told me there was free coke (not cocaine) and rock 'n' roll in Hermann Park, courtesy of gubernatorial candidate Dolph Briscoe. Not one to pass up freebies, I decided to truck on by. Lots of freaks, lots of good vibes, and, for ole' Dolph, lots of potential youth votes.

Things were really movin', 'til about mid-afternoon. All of a sudden, the band slowly sank into the orchestra pit, as the curtains opened to reveal a shitload of political hacks plus ole' Dolph and the Missus. Between shouts of "More rock 'n' roll!", "Bullshit!", and "Get me another coke, you old fart!", Briscoe unleashed the most meaty-mouthed harangue of empty rhetoric that my ears have ever endured.

When he finally shut up, a lone freak demanded that Briscoe answer a few questions. To prevent 'ole Dolph from making an even bigger fool of himself, a young lackey announced that the candidate would mingle through the crowd -- well away from the microphone. Here was my golden opportunity! A chance to meet face-

to-face an authentic member of the Texas Ruling Class!

With so little in common, what could I possibly ask him? Flash!!! "Mr. Briscoe, if elected governor, will you pardon Lee Otis Johnson?!" His response? "No." He would not elaborate.

Then the freak who originally cornered him stepped in. "What about the repressive marijuana laws in this State?" "Well, I think we should have quantitative drug laws to stop the pushers..." "But I said marijuana! Marijuana isn't a drug!" "...and the dealers...hlah, hlah, blah..." Shades of Richard Nixon!!!

On May 6, young voters in this State should flock to the polls and cast Dolph Briscoe into the Gulf of Mexico. Along with him should go Ben Barnes, Preston Smith, Barbara Jordan, Bob Casey, and every other pig politician who can't see past his/her nose. Free Lee Otis now!!

— Rick Fine, Houston

A Pat On the Back

Space City! Collective,

In response to your letter in the April 13 issue, I must say the honesty and sincerity you express, is only paralleled by what I consider the root of all integrity in journalism — a genuine want to improve your publication.

Your article "180 Degrees" interested me immensely, as it gave me some insight into the operation of a big city publication. Ms Smith deserves thanks for a responsible article, which also expresses her disappointment over the failure of the American Newspaper Guild.

The news hit about the "Bangladesh Food Aid" seems worthy of some kind of investigation, what do ya'll think? And finally, the Cinema section on your Space In page was a very expressive combination of lineup and criticism for upcoming films.

Sincerely,
Gary Brookshire

Another Brother Ripped Off

Space City!

A plea for help:
I was home five months out of the Marine Corps. Then, May 13, 1971, I got busted for 1.5 grams of opium in Richmond, Texas, Fort Bend County.

I was taken and put in jail. Bond was set at \$7,500.00.

Well, 23 days later I made bond

thanks to friends of my dad.

The months went on and I was working and saving everything I could for a lawyer.

I saved up \$200 and hired a lawyer. (This is the first time I've been busted.)

We went to court Nov. 18, 1971 in the 23rd Judicial Court.

I got twenty fucking years.

Now I'm waiting for an appeal.

I paid this fuckass lawyer \$200 down, put all my faith in him. He said everything was going to be all right. I thought I was going to get ten years probation or something like that.

After it was all over he said that he would make the appeal if I could come up with \$300 more.

So I'm asking you people to run an ad for me to help raise money so I can make this appeal and to recommend another lawyer — one who might put up a fight for me in court if I can get a new trial.

Man, please do what you can for me.

You're my last hope.

All help will be greatly appreciated.

Send donations to Space City! or to my father, Leon McCain, 1217 3rd St. Rosenberg, TX 77471.

I am Leon McCain, Jr., Box 40, Fort Bend County Jail, Richmond, TX 70663.

It Ain't Easy

Space City,

I am an inmate at the Federal Reformatory in El Reno, Oklahoma. I have read in your newspaper that you are in favor of prison reform.

El Reno Federal Reformatory is at near riot conditions for the following reasons.

1. Improper medical care. During the recent flu epidemic in which over 100 deaths occurred across the country, we received little medical attention.
2. Continuous petty institutional policies which are not intended to have any rehabilitation qualities but are for the degrading of any human aspects we have.
3. Petty haircut policies even for a pre-teenager.
4. Continuous harassment by officers.
5. Mail is totally censored. Letters are sent back for petty reasons. We are unable to write news media. Letters from lawyers, senators, judges etc. are read by case workers before approval. Sometimes we receive them a week after they enter the institution.
6. There is no recourse for any

policy imposed on us. If we complain to a Senator, he turns it over to the Justice Department, which in turn refers it to the Bureau of Prisons which investigates the complaint. This is like having the Cosa Nostra investigate organized crime.

7. Warden Loy Hayes continuously ignores our requests for changes in policy. Three months ago three-fourths of the inmate population sent letters asking for permission to wear mustaches. So far there has been no reply whatsoever; just more petty regulations for the purpose of harassment.

We are on an island of harassment and bureaucratic runaround. No one will listen to our requests and pleas. We are animals locked up in a cage which is about to explode.

We are again going to attempt to communicate with Warden Hayes, asking for changes in policy, haircuts, harassment by officers and better medical attention. All we can say is, we have tried.

We hope you will publish this because maybe someone in high places will listen, but we doubt it. Sometimes we think we are humans. We are also very, very tired.

I cannot sign this letter because it has been smuggled out and I would be severely punished for writing you. Just say it is from the inmate population.

The Inmates
El Reno Federal Reformatory
Oklahoma

Four-legged Political Prisoners

Space City!

The dog pound at 2700 Evella is packed with prisoners who await execution without trial. Executions are from 10:30 a.m. to 11:00 p.m. on a daily basis. They occupy rows of cell blocks adjacent to a gas chamber. A smooth process of misery, suffering and death is laid out in one neat package.

The pound is set up out of sight and out of mind of most Houston area residents so the destruction goes down without much attention from the community. I have found the carcasses of cats and dogs beheaded down there and hacked and mutilated with blades. I found a little puppy lying in a pile of rotten carcasses and infested with maggots though he was still alive. I slipped him in my pocket before

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Space City!

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SPACE CITY! is owned and operated by the Lyman Padde Educational Project, Inc., a non-profit corporation. It is published every Thursday at 1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004. Member Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), subscriber to Liberation News Service (LNS), Alternative Features Service (AFS), Dispatch News Service (DNSI), and the Pacific News Service. Subscription rates are \$7.50 a year (\$5 for GLs), \$4 for six months, free to prisoners. Advertising Rates on request. Single copy price 25 cents. 35 cents out of town.



POW Mark Wilson, led away from Federal Building by one of Houston's finest, April 14.



Father James Barnett reads statement explaining action to onlookers, press.

CHAINS CHAINS CHAINS

And the War Goes On

by Thorne Dreyer

Last Friday, April 14, eight people chained themselves to the front door of Houston's federal building and subsequently became political prisoners.

Their action was another frustrated response to The War That Won't Go Away. It was an act of defiance, a symbolic protest, a publicity stunt. The week before, on April 6, 200 people had marched on City Hall; they followed in the beleaguered footsteps of thousands—in Houston and throughout this embattled nation—who have said their piece against the war.

The vast majority of the people in this country want the United States out of Indochina and fast. Yet, last week Richard Nixon bombed Hanoi and Haiphong harbor, a significant escalation of the war ("reckless" to quote two democratic presidential hopefuls). Vietnamization is a total flop; Thieu's soldiers of fortune are clearly incapable and/or unwilling to defend anything. Emperor Nixon is naked as a jaybird. His response now is no different from the one that made LBJ a one-term president. His goal is still a Vietnam-in-our-image (and the mirror does not flatter) or no Vietnam at all.

So eight people chain themselves to the door of the federal building. Maybe a futile gesture. One that will just bog down people's energies in fund raising and legal defense. Or perhaps the spark to ignite a dormant peace movement at a time when a loud noise must be heard.

Whatever else Friday's action may have done, it has spawned a legal battle that bears watching. All eight demonstrators face misdemeanor charges — trespassing and obstructing a public entrance. And four — the four men — have been saddled with heavier charges, forcibly opposing, impeding and resisting a U.S. Marshal. This is a felony count and carries a possible three years.

This trial is already teaching interesting lessons about U.S. criminal justice. Like the fact that the women — whose actions, by everyone's admission, were the same as those of the men — were treated from the beginning with a sticky deference. The women were released on personal recognizance, while the men spent the weekend in the clink, unable to make their \$2,000 bond each.

During the April 18 hearing, at which felony charges were given an exclusively masculine gender, the women were continually referred to as "girls". This was especially annoying to Elizabeth Frei, who is 47, and Yvonne Hauge, 31. Nina Wouk is 22 and Jan Warness is 24.

Another interesting sidelight has been the treatment of Mickey McGuire, chairman of the local Angela Davis Defense Committee. McGuire, the only black defendant, appears to have been singled out for special attention. Much has been made of his past scrapes with the law, yet there has been little notice of the fact that several other defendants have arrest records, from politically - related activities. U.S. attorney Novack made an attempt to get McGuire's bond raised to \$15,000 cash; his request was denied.

The other men charged are Cliff Bain, 21, Mark Wilson, 19, and Wayne Vogel, 25. The eight chained themselves to the Federal Building door at 11:40 a.m. Friday, April 14. Father James Barnett, a Catholic priest and chaplain at the University of Houston, then read a statement to the assembled crowd, many of whom were press.

Defendants said they were treated roughly by federal marshals, but not by Houston police, who eventually arrested them. As the chains were cut, the demonstrators put their hands on their heads

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180 degrees

by Victoria Smith

Ever wonder why Houston doesn't have a journalism review publication that provides a critical look at the media and its performance? Probably not. But a group of local commercial media workers have, and they plan to publish just such a review, probably on a monthly basis, with the first issue tentatively scheduled for the first of next month.

The publication will be called The Houston Journalism Review, published, written and edited by Houston journalists and for whoever is interested in an examination of the various news media in the city and the way they cover (or don't cover) the news. HJR intends to offer a kind of self-critical insight into the news media that one would never, never find in those media themselves.

There are similar publications in other cities, one of the most notable (as well as one of the first) being the Chicago Journalism Review, which in part grew out of some journalists' experiences with events surrounding the notorious Democratic National Convention of 1968.

Some of the articles that will appear in the first issue of HJR include "Dowling Street Revisited," a discussion of the news coverage of the 1970 police-People's Party II shoot-out that resulted in the death of Carl Hampton; a story tracing how a factual error made by the Houston Chronicle was picked up and reported as truth by the Post, the three local television stations and the two wire services; an in-depth report on the recent and unsuccessful battle to unionize Houston Post editorial workers under the auspices of the American Newspaper Guild and an examination of the way in which the Chronicle killed a story on questionable sanitary conditions at Church's Fried Chicken.

Watch for the Houston Journalism Review. This city needs it.

PHONE FREAKS ARRESTED

The Houston police have executed another daring maneuver, arresting four young men for using two mechanical devices to place and receive free long distance telephone calls. The method is called the "Spiro Agnew," and it involves a special code that allows one to hook into any telephone line. (Specifically, the Spiro device cuts into Watts lines and is used for out-going phone calls; the Agnew is a receiver and allows the transmission of messages for nary a penny.)

Three of the four men arrested last week — James Latimer, James Greno, and Charles Covington — are Rice University students. The fourth, Allen Frisbee, is a computer designer who works at the Manned Spacecraft Center. They were charged with obtaining telephone communications with intent to defraud, a misdemeanor.

They were arrested in an office building in the 5400 block of Lawndale last Sunday evening after they had just made calls to a number of places, including Argentina. Latimer, who is a physics and electrical engineering student, said the activity was "experimental," and designed to create better methods of communications. (One would imagine that with all its wealth and power, Ma Bell would allow for a little experimentation by a few inventive youngsters. But the company apparently resents the free use of its phone lines, and F.O. Bolton Jr., a security supervisor with Southwestern Bell predicted that more arrests would be made in the future, possibly in Houston, possibly at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where, I would guess, all sorts of clever experimentation is going on.)

Poor Ma Bell has been the repeated victim of such activities for some years now. The techniques for placing and receiving free phone calls range from the unsophisticated (the old credit card rip off) to the complex (like the Spiro Agnew system). What it's coming down to is a minor battle involving the endless ingenuity of some elements of the American youth population and the intelligence networks of that massive, cumbersome bureaucracy of American Telephone and Telegraph.

If Ma Bell fails to exterminate the activity, the thing might develop into small-scale, non-military guerilla warfare. "The possibilities," as Bolton said, "are unlimited." Meanwhile, phone freaks, beware; your enemy may be lurking along the lines of your laboratory.

More on this fascinating subject, we hope, in next week's Space City!

THE MAN

by VAUGHN BODE ©72



by Alex Stern

"If McLuhan had not already existed, those four days would have provided for his spontaneous generation."

Almost ten years ago (believe-it-or-not) Americans indulged in a tribal ritual of Oral Epic proportions. From the time one left school or work on Thursday, through the final recap of the final respects on Monday, the television was the center of the American consciousness.

With the metallic glow that, especially in those pre-color days, characterized a room filled with The Tube, the television became a vertical, Rothko-like altar. One needn't have been in the room the whole time; just passing through now and again would do. The important thing was that the television be on — 12, 16, even 24 hours a day.

As ritual, the four days provided for proper gradations among the various levels of communicants. The Elect included, among others, those so hardy to have actually *seen* Rudy shoot Oswald that Sunday morning. Successive layers of people were brought into the circle as the tape was played over and again. But for those first people — that was the real Church.

If McLuhan had not already existed, those four days would have provided for his spontaneous generation.

The phenomenon cannot happen again. And not just because assassinations have become a way of life, but because the medium — and our relationship to it — has changed.

In 1963, there was no history of stopping programming (especially prime-time programming) to present the news. Not until Johnson, who had close personal ties with Frank Stanton, was it even an accepted matter that the President had access to the ether when he wanted it.

For four days in 1963, time stopped. Without realizing it, the nation depended on television as its clock. The regular cycle of game shows, soap operas, evening news, prime time, and Johnny Carson was closer to most people than the sun rising and setting.

Time is back in the saddle, and television has come to run through, chew up, and spit out the news faster than people can absorb it — indeed, faster than it happens. Stokely Carmichael had his day; now he's dead. Ditto, women's lib. And now drugs are almost gone.

95 per cent of all American homes now have at least one television set. The sets are technically turned on phenomenal numbers of hours each day.

But, in the ways that count, they're off.

"There's a story around here — I don't know if it's true or not

— about Jessica Savitch, right after she went to work over at 11. Seems that she was covering some piece of fluff out at some private air-field or somewhere, and she did her tag sitting on wing of a plane in leather hot-pants. I've heard they still get letters over at 11 from people offering to buy that tape."

— a reporter for "Big 2 News"

In an average week of Houston television — and almost any week is average in television — there are approximately 60 hours of regular television news. That's not counting news specials or news interview programs, but it does include local "soft" news — if only by default: it's difficult anymore to determine where the "hard" leaves off and the "soft" begins.

Difficult to determine, but not without importance. Television news has improved beyond recognition in the last 10, 15, or 20 years. Ten years ago, each network's evening news program was 15 minutes long — and the weekly diet (both local and network) averaged out to about 12 cumulative hours. Without a doubt, television coverage has improved, and yet that improvement cannot be measured by the difference from 12 to 60.

Time has expanded, and with it, money (CBS News had a 1971 budget of \$47 million). *Content* may have remained the same — may even have decreased.

Television news used to be not much more than someone reading the news. Radio with a mouth. Videotape was nonexistent, so film for network transmission had to be flown to New York; live remote coverage was almost impossible; there were no satellites or high-capacity cable to expedite transmission from abroad; network "feeds" to local stations (and a large portion of local news today — both hard and soft — consists of such feeds) were either taken when sent over the wire or not at all.

In short, the definition of news for television was not much different from that of newspapers. The "cinematic" quotient of a news story was not a major factor in its coverage.

"When I read statistics that show sixty per cent of Americans get all or most of their news from television, I shudder. I know what we have to leave out."

— *Av Westin, Executive Producer, ABC Evening News*

Since it now has the technology to do so, television news obviously goes after that news which looks best on television.

That 1971 CBS News budget includes a staff of more than 800 employees, with 48 permanent correspondents and 15 complete news bureaus from New York to Hong Kong. And that is one network — 80 per cent of whose operation feeds into Walter Cronkite's five half-hour programs per week.

Each Cronkite show consists of approximately 4,000 words; the Chancellor program on NBC, which tends to spend more time on fewer stories, is slightly talkier. But 4,000 words is essentially the front page of the Houston Chronicle or the Post. An illustrated headline.

What the network news operations have left over the evening news is shuffled, lost, played at other times, or fed to local stations.

"If you look at the results of this great worldwide news operation, on which so many people depend for basic information, it's a fraud."

— *Richard Salant, President, CBS News*

Certainly, a lot of that \$47 million budget at CBS is fat. But journalism of any kind is a business of fat. People sit on a story, waiting for it to happen, and that's fat. But also necessary.

The hour-and-a-half of network news every evening is nothing more than an illustrated headline, and it is subject to a lot of fat — but it's at the local level that the adipose levels get totally out of hand.

Of the nine or ten weekday hours of television news, one would be hard pressed to extract more than two hours of solid news. And most of the pap comes from locally-produced time.

During recent weeks, a local viewer might have witnessed a lengthy interview with a man who eats light bulbs (complete with demonstration), a collection of fluffs made on taped tag-lines for news stories (and the station has more — I saw them — but most of the rest contain language not suitable for televising), another lengthy interview with a union official who was refusing to talk about the construction strike (a refusal to say anything does not seem sufficient reason to cut an interview short), and so on.

On the evening of the floods several weeks ago, the biggest story on one station at 6 p.m. concerned a man (not coincidentally a staffer at the station concerned) who had rescued several boys whose raft had overturned in the high water of Buffalo Bayou.

This concern with the station and its staff brings us, of course, to the issue of personalities. A story (or non-story) with cinematic value is made real — more real than it has any right to be — by the presence of a recognizable correspondent.

Around the three local network stations last fall, rumors were rampant that Channel 39 was going to get into the local news picture by emphasizing gore. The rumors have not yet panned out, but the existing news staffs have already made precautionary measures. (Not the least of which, incidentally, is the rising tide of gore they

TUBE BITING

TEUBING

have begun to show. Before I could avert my eyes, I personally have witnessed a dead body in a bathtub and several unidentified bones.)

The answer, just as obvious as it was in the early days of movies: stars.

"Radio and television journalists have spent 35 years convincing the public that broadcast news is not part of the entertainment industry."

— Walter Cronkite

That's *not* the way it is, Walter — and you should be reminded of the fact everytime you get your pay check.

Time was when the only real superstar of television news was Edward R. Murrow. And Murrow's mass-identification was more a product of longevity than of glamour. (The same is true of Cronkite — with whom we've simply shared so much.)

Television news today has stars as plentifully as the rest of broadcasting. And where glamour really counts, where it serves its largest function (as a legitimizing agent for a story) is on the local level.

The biggest star in Houston is Jessica Savitch. (She is, for the record, quite a good reporter, but no one could think that's why she has risen to her current prominence.) Savitch has a projected personality far beyond her physical appearance, and people watch her — and assume that her news is *the* news — on the basis of that power.

"Maybe the mind needs print, after all."

— Renata Adler, *The New Yorker*

"Talking heads" do not sing at six o'clock. Corruption in state government, for example, is visually uninteresting until one can obtain footage of someone emerging from a grand jury hearing (needless to say, Houston television has carried a good many emergences in the last year).

I have a useful measure to distinguish between "hard" and "soft" news on television: hard news is that which one would not be inclined to pass over in a daily newspaper.

This measure has a corollary, too. That is that the articles one would pass over in a newspaper have a justification that the extraneous items on television do not. The stock market quotations, the minutes of the Commissioner's Court, City Council records — all the non-cinematic information that fills a daily: it is news, and it does have to be printed. The fact that the information is not widely read is unimportant aside the fact that the information is *there*.

Broadcast news is not there. It was there, and will be again, but in the interim its power rests solely in the spotty memor-

ies of the audiences.

WBAI, the Pacifica station in New York, is currently embroiled in an involved legal dispute over the tapes of several news programs aired during the October 1970 Tombs riots. The state is arguing that "newsman's privilege" — the protection of his sources — does not apply to material already published or broadcast. And the station's defense is that broadcast material — unlike published — is *not* in the public domain. It is, again not there.

"The uniqueness of television news is in its power to let people have that intimate sense of meeting the great figures of the world and actually seeing many major events as they happen . . . Great events of all kinds do not have to be filtered through the appraising accounts of reporters and editors. They can be witnessed by the people themselves, who can make their own judgments."

— Frank Stanton, Chairman, CBS

Several weeks ago, one of the young staffers for "Eyewitness News" on Channel 13 did a quick interview with Candace Mossler. It seems that Mrs. Mossler had bought a cow or something at the Stock Show — I don't remember, and (of course) it wasn't important. Nevertheless, the half-a-minute or whatever was a stunning example of the power of television.

Here was this horribly decadent face — saying absolutely nothing that made sense — and an edgy, driving news reporter pushing in on her with a microphone. What was captured of Mrs. Mossler in that instant may not have been true; she may well be charming, intelligent, gracious. But it was *real* — amazingly so. And furthermore, the portrait seemed complete. It shouted that this was Candace Mossler, complete and total.

What Dr. Stanton said about television news is wrong — but it seems right. At its most powerful, the medium appears to give the audience not a representation of reality, but the reality itself.

For all that's wrong with television news, it does (or can) have this quality of being unquestionably real. Of appearing to present, totally and forever, people and events. For how many of us — even those who

were only ten at the time — does our image of Richard Nixon begin and end with the way he looked during the debates of 1960. The five o'clock shadow, the skinny little eyes — no one had to look twice to get this man's measure.

But something has happened to television. Nobody talks about it, least of all the networks themselves, but it's obvious to anyone. Television, specifically television news, is no longer real.

One can feel it in the room. It used to be — and not so long ago — that when Walter Cronkite said something, it was a fact. Not factual in the sense of being false or true, but as being "news," as being real. Nothing was real unless Walter said it was. We might have heard or read about it elsewhere; we might have seen it with our own eyes; but what gave any event *heft* was Walter, and, by extension, the medium.

When Walter said it was so in Chicago, 1968, it was so. When he was forced to apologize, it was even more so. More so if you were sitting at home in New York or New Orleans — and more so if you were on the streets of Chicago, watching the monitor as you hid behind a network truck. (Staffers in television stations always watch the programs on the monitors — even when the live show is close at hand.)

But that's changed now. A surfeit of simulated moonlandings, perhaps (polls have shown that most people in this country didn't believe — after the first one — that men had actually walked on the moon). Or maybe it was Nixon again; his appearances on television during the 1968 campaign had all the reality of *The Lucy Show*.

The polls in the wake of the Agnew speech showed that over half of Americans believed that television news was biased. Now I think all of us would agree, one way or the other.

Television news — all of television — is in a great state of flux. And while most of the new directions don't seem promising, it remains to be seen where the reassessment will end.

The future may belong to Jessica Savitch — or perhaps to bodies in the bathtub. To news that isn't news, and whose reality is not only questionable but, worse, unimportant.



Ann Arbor Sun / LNS

SQUEET:

The Search for the

Perfect Hamburger

by Ack

The goodies: Yew got yer Jumbo Jack, yer Bonus Jack, yer Hamburger, yer Moby Jack yer Taco, yer Onion Rings, yer French Fries yer Hot Apple Turnover. Yew got yer shakes and drinks of myriad sizes and flavors.

I was at my friendly neighborhood Jack-in-the-Box, looking for Squeet, the World's Foremost Authority on Hamburger Joints. I found him screaming into JB's little metal box, ordering a more than ample supply of the above goodies.

ACK: What did you order, Squeet?

SQUEET: That there Jumbo Jack, fries, onion rings, chocolate shake, three tacos and an apple turnover.

ACK: Are they good?

SQUEET: Everybody's entitled to their own opinion.

ACK: Well, you know all the drive-ins across the city better than anyone, is what you ordered worth what you paid?

SQUEET: Jumbo Jack's the best buy in town. JB gives you a quarter pound burger and lettuce, tomato, onions, lots of pickles and some sauce. Just look at this bun, man, five inches across and all for 59 cents. Other places come close but they don't make it.

ACK: What about the other places?

SQUEET: Well, Roy Rogers comes closest. For 59 cents over there they'll give you the best tasting hamburger in town but you won't get quite as much for your money. Prince's isn't too bad either, but you got to watch those guys. Sometimes they have good days, sometimes bad. Shouldn't leave out Rolando's Burger Factory. . . they serve great beef. They aren't as greasy as JB here, but then you don't get as much either.

ACK: What about Burger King's "Whopper"? You know the ad: "It takes two hands . . ."

SQUEET Reason it takes two hands to handle the Whopper is cause of all those Buns making it fat. I mean, if you dig bread, go ahead. I'm a burger man.

ACK: OK. Now, how about your French fries?

SQUEET: French fries are a problem, man. It never seems you get what you pay for any place in town. Some are the thin, greasy kind like here at JB, Burger King, Burger Chef, and Roy Rogers. Others got the homemade looking frozen kind that are thick. You got to be careful with those, 'cause not many places cook 'em through. I'd say Hamburgers by Gourmet gets the nod in the French fry department. They're thick, cooked completely, and you get more than average. Worst place is TexChic.

ACK: And that milk shake?

SQUEET: Not worth what I paid for it. Roy Rogers and Princes both give you more, but generally speaking shakes are just like French fries: not much difference anywhere.

ACK: None?

SQUEET: Well, . . . there is one place that stands out among all the rest for their milk shakes. That's Burger Chef. They



How they stack up: a sampling of Houston hamburgers. On the top row we see, left to right, specimens from Roy Rogers, Burger Chef and Rolando's. The middle row consists of Gourmet's Number 10, a less ambitious offering from Prince's and one of Burger King's Whoppers. At the bottom, nearest the viewer, is our expert's choice: the "quick and greasy" Jumbo Jack.

Have the consistency of silly putty and taste like rubber gloves.

ACK: Like rubber gloves?

SQUEET: Yeah, something like the way the French fries taste at Tex Chic.

ACK: Do you have something against them?

SQUEET: Nothing, man, it's just that their French fries are horrible. Can't win 'em all. They have a friendly little place where you get personal attention and they put together one hell of a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich.

ACK: To get back to JB, how are the tacos? I noticed you got three.

SQUEET: Just my gluttony showing, that's all. Tacos here really aren't any good. Tacos aren't good at any burger joint in town. If you want tacos, go to Monterey House.

ACK: And the onion rings?

SQUEET: Rip off. Seven small ones for 30 cents and things aren't much better anywhere else.

ACK: That apple turnover looks good.

SQUEET: It's the biggest and best around; only trouble is getting 'em while they're hot.

ACK: What about some of the things you didn't order today, like the Moby Jack?

SQUEET: I'm not a fish freak, man, so I'm not sure, it would figure that fish sandwiches would be better at a place like H. Salt Fish & Chips that specializes in it. Of course there is one place that's a little unique in that area. Prince's fish

is trout; now *that's* class.

ACK: Speaking of class, how about Gourmet Hamburgers? Are they really for connoisseurs?

SQUEET: Well, "gourmet" and "hamburger" are almost a contradiction in terms. Their prices are a little high but you won't find anything like them in town. For instance, there's this Number 10 that's big and loaded with sauce, lettuce, cheddar cheese and bacon strips. They have other wild combinations too. Tingles your taste buds, y'know. What's cool is getting that Number 10 with a bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon.

ACK: Wine?

SQUEET: Sure, man. Different kinds of beer and wine. Now that's a different kind of drive-in. You got your choice of driving through or going inside and taking your time. The decor inside is 1940's ice cream parlor for some reason. It's a little contrived, but I really dig ordering into that old timey telephone.

ACK: Why aren't you there instead of here?

SQUEET: Simple. I'm your bona fide hamburger connoisseur. For me a hamburger's got to be quick and greasy. Can't beat JB for that.

I left Squeet oozing JB's secret sauce onto his leg as he sat crosslegged in a parking space. I drove away looking for the nearest Dairy Queen. I'm an ice cream freak.

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Youth Vie for Convention Seats

by Yvonne Pearson

WASHINGTON, D.C. -DNSI - Youth now control the Democratic machinery of at least two of Alaska's four districts, according to Senator Mike Gravel's (D. Alaska) office, and may control the entire state delegation by the time they get to Miami. The spokesman said: "The youth caught everybody with their mouths hanging open."

All over the country young people are becoming convention delegates in unprecedented numbers. They are not handpicked by regular party

officials, but people "elected by the grass roots process, the likes of which we've never seen in this country," said the director of the McGovern Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection, Bob Nelson.

Set up in 1968, the Commission is the key to youth's new access to the party's nominating machinery. It calls for proportional representation of persons under 30, officially termed "youth", in each state's delegation to the national convention.

The results have been nowhere more dramatic than in Alaska.

"In 10 days in March the entire structure of the Democratic Party was changed," said Bob Allen, President of the Young Democratic Clubs of America after an on the scene inspection of the selection process. Allen was called to Alaska by Alaska's Young Democrats to observe a Juneau precinct caucus meeting in case of credential challenges.

When party regulars discovered they were outnumbered by youth two to one at an earlier caucus, they closed the meeting and asked police to clear the floor. "Many felt it was Chicago again," said one of the youth leaders

Party regulars recruited an extra 100 people for the rescheduled meeting, only to find that the youth had also doubled their numbers.

Other states are feeling the

youths' power in their delegate selection as well.

One-third of Arizona's delegation to the Democratic Convention in Miami is under 30, the youngest 17, according to Bob Allen. There were no people under 30 in this delegation in the last convention.

In Georgia the state chairman of the Democratic Party, traditionally a convention delegate, was not elected a delegate this year.

Although many feel that participation by youth will create confusion at July's convention and weaken the Democratic Party, they say the result will be a stronger and better party to meet the 1976 elections.

Mike Cole, former Voting Rights National Coordinator for Common Cause who has overseen many youth registration challenges in court, said that some young people may be turned off by this year's confusion of new by-laws and rules, but most of these questions will be resolved by '76 and the infusion of new blood will strengthen the party.

Mexico Makes Napalm

For more than a year now, Mexico has been manufacturing Napalm, the scourge of Indochina and Guatemala, according to Centro de Informacion Latinoamericana.

The first and only mention of this enterprise was supplied by Excelsior, a Mexico City daily, on July 25, 1969. The bombs are being manufactured in at least one known plant located at Balbuena and operated by the Mexican Air Force. They were first tested in Mexico at Military Base no.1 in Santa Lucia, and were announced at the time as the first "nationally fabricated" incendiary bombs.

Each bomb weighs 150 kilograms — about the size used in Vietnam — and costs 149 pesos (\$12), a cost ten times lower; than that of other countries.

To what extent these bombs are manufactured is not known, nor is the size of the Balbuena Air Force plant known. And since Mexico is not at war with any foreign power, the weapons must be intended either for use in settling Mexico's internal problems (periodic revolts by students, workers and peasants) or for cheap sale to the United States for use in countries like Vietnam or Guatemala.

A New "Pentagon Papers": Secret Rand Study Documents U.S. Army War Crimes

WASHINGTON, D.C. -DNSI - A multi-volume secret study by the Rand Corporation, as comprehensive and revealing as the Pentagon Papers, provides detailed evidence of U.S. war crimes in Vietnam, according to



Ruchell Magee's Lonely Struggle

by Bob Barber

San Rafael, CA. (AFS)- Ruchell Magee won the right on March 20 to defend himself against charges stemming from the Aug. 7, 1971 incident at the Marin County Courthouse in which Jonathan Jackson and three others were killed. This seemingly small triumph for him is a victory he has been seeking for the past nine years.

From the time when his court-appointed lawyer entered a plea of guilty to a kidnap charge for him in 1963, he has consistently fought to represent himself in innumerable appeals before innumerable judges, all of whom, before now, have denied him. In the process, Ruchell has become an expert in the law and has

8 : SPACE CITY!

put that skill to work for numerous comrades in San Quentin Prison where he is serving time for that 1963 charge. He contends he was framed from the beginning by the police and the courts.

On Aug. 7, he and another prisoner were helping a third, James McClain, to defend himself against a charge of assaulting a guard when Jonathan Jackson took over the courtroom and led the judge, the prosecutor, three jurors and the three prisoners out the door. He is now accused of killing the judge when police riddled the escape van with a fusillade of rifle-fire.

Ruchell has claimed that his constitutional rights have been consistently violated by the courts and the court-appointed attorneys who "represent" him. He points out that the racism and the class bias of the legal structure and its personnel often make it impossible for him or any other black person to receive fair treatment unless they insist on their rights to the point of disruption.

From the beginning the courts have used his forceful requests to address the judge, long monologues, preoccupation with the record, unending flood of petitions, and generally "disruptive" behavior to label him "incompetent." They also point to low scores on various psychological tests to prove he is "unable to defend himself."

Yet these very things demonstrate his point perfectly: that the emphasis on procedure and etiquette in the courtroom deprives him of his rights. The courtroom imposes a style on the defendant that is foreign to his experience. This formalism detaches the court from the substance of the issues before it, thus allowing the privileged and educated to manipulate and dispense justice.

This distance is supposed to create objectivity, yet clearly its actual function is more often to eliminate from consideration the aspects of most vital concern to the defendant. Thus the isolation of the courtroom from issues of exploitation and oppression in fact makes the courtroom part of the apparatus of that oppression.

The issue is the the right of a human being to force the court system to deal with him or her directly and with substance rather than procedure. With his knowledge of the law, Ruchell is attempting to create a network among prisoners to free them from the web of enslavement created by the vast discretionary powers of prison officials, the laws that apply only to prisoners, and the maze of court procedures.

The object is to return the control of a prisoner's dealings with

a researcher who has seen portions of the study.

The scholar, D. Gareth Porter, a Ph. D. candidate in Cornell University's Southeast Asian Program, charged recently that U.S. government officials, led by then-Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, used the work as a basis for continuing a strategy of deliberately bombing and shelling civilian homes in order to drive villagers out of districts administered by the Viet Cong.

The Rand study consists of voluminous interviews carried out by Rand from 1965 to 1967 with Vietnamese victims of bombing and shelling. Porter read and took notes from a large number of interviews contained in a private copy of the study. They show beyond dispute, he says, that death and damage to Vietnamese civilians were not accidental by-products of the bombing of military targets, but the result of collective punishment of entire villages for cooperation with the NLF.

The bombings and shellings described by the interviewees took place in Dinh Tuong Province and occurred at the rate of several times a week, in some cases as often as twice a day.

Secretary McNamara considered the report sufficiently important to present its findings to the Senate Armed Services Committee in closed hearings

in January, 1966. McNamara explained that the "Viet Cong are finding that the popular 'sea' in which they must 'swim' in order to win is receding. . . The air and artillery attacks. . . often appear to cause [deleted] damage and casualties to the villagers [deleted]. . . The villagers are primarily concerned with their own survival and regardless of their attitude to the GVN (Government of Vietnam) they prefer to move where they will be safe from such attacks."

According to Mr. Porter, these interviews document in great detail a deliberate policy of collective reprisals against civilian populations in violation of the Geneva Conventions and the Nuremberg Principles. Porter alleged that "These volumes are the U.S. equivalent of the German archives which provided the Allies with their evidence of German war crimes."

The Rand report quotes one Vietnamese farmer as remembering: "Each village must have absorbed an average of 500 tons of bombs of all kinds: 100 and 250 kilograms. . . Sometimes there was a mortar attack every two days, sometimes every night."

A refugee from Xuang Sac village told Rand interviewers in June, 1965 that "My village was attacked by napalm as well as by shell bombs. . . We were neither warned in advance of these bombings or strafings nor of the artillery shelling. This year, from

January to May, we were attacked by aircraft seven times. These attacks killed only one guerilla, but killed many women and children. We were most afraid of the aircraft bombing — that is why villagers moved to the GVN controlled area."

Scholars for several years have been trying unsuccessfully to get the study declassified. The government has refused.

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"Soft, Sweet and Cuddly"?

WEAL, The Women's Equity Action League, went before the Dallas City Council recently to point out that only 20 per cent of the city's employes are women, and that of those, 67 per cent make less than \$7,500 annually. WEAL's research indicates that only one of the 35 department chiefs is a woman and only 3 per cent of the city's blue collar force is female.

The group's campaign to get women better treatment in Dallas didn't go over very well with the city fathers. "I like my women soft, sweet and cuddly," said fatherly Mayor Wes Wise.

Legal Grass?

An initiative petition calling for the removal of penalties for the personal use of marijuana and for "planting,

cultivating, harvesting, drying, processing, otherwise preparing, transporting or possessing marijuana for personal use" is being circulated in California.

Sale of grass is not to be legalized, as backers state they would rather see smokers grow their own rather than have the market monopolized by the tobacco corporations.

If the petition is signed by more than 330,000 registered voters in the state by the end of May, all California voters will have the opportunity to approve the initiative's provisions in the November, 1972 election.

Judging by the enthusiastic response to the petition so far—over 70,000 signatures were obtained in the first four weeks—grass could be legal in California by the end of the year.

Pretty Sneaky

A test which detects the presence of marijuana in a user's urine has been developed at the Midwest Research Institute in Kansas City, Missouri.

According to E. J. Woodhouse, senior scientist at the Institute, a major function of the test will be to determine the relationship between marijuana use and highway accidents. He also stated that the current cost of the test, about \$40, makes it too expensive for widespread adoption by law enforcement agencies at this time.

the courts to his own hands and to smash the image of a passive and meek defendant obeying his attorneys and trusting the court.

The concept of law as the domain of a privileged few is deeply ingrained in American history, yet Ruchell Magee is forcing the courts to recognize that all people have the right to speak and act for themselves.

Soledad Brothers:

A Frustrating Victory

by Kim Lowry

Political trials appear to have one or two outcomes: crushing defeats or frustrating victories.

The trial of Fleeta Drumgo and John Clutchette, the remaining Soledad Brothers, ended in a frustrating victory. John and Fleeta were acquitted on two counts each of assault and murder of Soledad guard John V. Mills on Jan. 16, 1970. But George Jackson? He fell before the struggle even neared a conclusion — murdered so that he could not stand in the courtroom.

Drumgo still faces charges of murder and conspiracy with the San Quentin Six. Clutchette should have his parole reinstated.

This celebration of victory will be celebrated by intense efforts to free Angela Davis, currently on trial in San Jose.

The long and laborious trial of Drumgo and Clutchette came to an end, but not a conclusion on Monday, March 27 at 11:35 a.m. when the all-white jury returned the verdicts of not guilty.

It had been a 13 week trial in which the prison system had been exposed at every turn. With various testimony pointing to coercion and bribing of witnesses by the District Attorney's office and Soledad's Captain Charles Moody, with countless contradictions in the testimony of the prosecution's inmate witnesses — the prosecution had failed to meet the burden of proof required for a conviction, it "failed miserably" in the words of Floyd Silliman, Clutchette's attorney. The defense had presented numerous witnesses to testify to the whereabouts of the defendants at the time of the guard's death and to further discredit the credibility of the prosecution's witnesses.

After several exhausting days of trial, the verdict of the jury was handed to Judge S. Lee Vavuris, who read it to himself and in turn gave it to the clerk to read into the record. The clerk announced the "not guiltyies" for Fleeta, who cried and hugged John and the attor-

neys. Fleeta's mother, Inez Williams, left the courtroom in tears.

The same "not guiltyies" for John. Embraces. Even some of the jurors cried.

But Vavuris lost no time in delivering a final lecture to the jury. "There are many who criticize our judicial system — and unjustly so . . . This shows that black people can get a fair trial by any jury in this great country of ours . . . Of all the systems in the history of civilization, this is the best. If any of these young people have a better system, let me know about it."

Silliman broke in to ask Vavuris if the defendants could address the jury. Vavuris consented. In a strong voice, Clutchette stood and said, "Thank you for my life. I promise that when I get out of prison I will do everything in my power to help right some of the injustices of this society. Thank you."

In tears, Drumgo stood, and almost unable to speak, said, "I thank you for seeing through this fraud perpetrated upon you."

The jury was released. Most of the jurors rushed to the defense table and hugged and shook hands with John, Fleeta and the attorneys.

About 30 minutes later, juror John Callahan observed, "I think the comments of the judge were entirely out of line. It's immoral to have 12 white jurors to try two black men. I don't want this to be used to convict other black people with all-white juries and say, 'Well, the Soledad Brothers got a fair trial.' They got a fair trial because this is San Francisco and you can find 12 good white people." Moreover, Callahan stated, "They wanted 12 rubber stamps. Well, we're not going to do the establishment's dirty work for them any more."

"We took all of their intimidation, we took all of their bullshit and we won, we won!" cried Inez Williams.

They did take a lot. A dehumanizing intimidation system enacted in the name of security. Continual arrests and harassment of spectators and family. Sub machine guns and kendo sticks. Even the beating of Phil and Mary Price on Aug. 26. The murder of George. They took a lot. Too much.

There is something people in Houston can do to help. Clutchette had a parole date just prior to the murder of guard John Mills, for which Clutchette and Drumgo have just been acquitted. Clutchette should receive parole immediately, but is completely at the mercy of the Adult Authority Board. Concerned people from around the country are strongly urged to write Henry Kerr, Chairman of the Adult Authority, at 714 P Street, Sacramento, demanding the immediate reinstatement of Clutchette's parole.

As juror Callahan stated, "I can't understand why Mr. Drumgo and Mr. Clutchette are not walking out this door with us right now. Instant parole or instant pardon is in line . . . They said thank you. I thank them. They owe nothing to anyone, least of all myself or any other juror. How they could put up with two years of that bullshit is incredible . . . We suffered five months to find truth, they've suffered two years to find justice."

Supporters Show Cause

Mothers, union organizers, university students, teachers and school children, and representatives of the Socialist Workers Party, La Raza Contra La Guerra and the Peoples' Coalition Defense Committee, held a peaceful vigil at the Federal Building in support of the eight chain-in defendants Monday, April 18, prior to their show cause hearing.

About 50 supporters, carrying signs protesting the escalation of the bombing and condemning the Federal Building for its complicity in the war, paraded in front of the Federal Building for an hour before the hearing began. Marshals and FBI agents were scattered throughout the crowd with their ever-present cameras. Federal manpower had been beefed up in anticipation of some sort of disruption.

Supporters packed the small courtroom of U.S. Magistrate Ronald J. Blask for the three and a half hour probable cause hearing. The courtroom will only hold some 30 spectators and those in the hallway were asked to leave and return to the ground floor. Two uniformed policemen were stationed near the elevator to keep people away from the courtroom on the twelfth floor.

As spectators left the courtroom during the recess, another uniformed officer took down their names in a black book so "you can have a seat when you come back." When this reporter replied she had no plans to return, she was asked to give her name anyway. She declined.

The hearing featured testimony by Deputy U.S. Marshal J.W. Walker, KPRC-TV reporter Jack Cato (who showed his newsfilm) and the defendants. Walker asserted that the defendants, specifically Mickey McGuire and Wayne Vogel, "did willfully, knowingly and forceably interfere with federal officers in the performance of their duties."

U.S. government attorney Novack repeatedly questioned the eight about their tactical planning for the action: What "we're interested in knowing is who else was involved in this unlawful conspiracy."

Defendant Yvonne Hauge emphasized that the eight had agreed on nonviolence, both as a political tactic and as a way of life. They had even agreed, she went on, not to chain themselves to the Federal Building door if the police were there waiting and a confrontation appeared imminent. And furthermore, they had agreed to cooperate in every way upon arrest.

-- Karen Northcott



photo by Sue Mithun

Vigil prior to April 18 show cause hearing.



The Eight, now under arrest.



Seated, clockwise: Hauge, Wouk, Wilson, Vogel, Frei, Werness and McGuire. Standing: you tell us.

GE Comes to

"Our work is still to insure peace paradoxically through developing the world's most powerful weapons systems."

— General Electric chairman
Fred Borsch

In the last two years U.S. military efforts have focused on "wiring down the war" in Southeast Asia. Sophisticated, expensive and indiscriminate electronic weaponry is used on the ground and in the air to concentrate massive firepower and bombs on the peoples and lands of Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam. U.S. troops may have been withdrawn, but the killing continues. Electronic sensors do not bleed, computers do not think in human terms, and the countryside is seeded with anti-personnel bomblets and mines which make no distinction between civilian and combatant.

General Electric, the fourth largest U.S. industrial corporation, stands to profit immensely from the developing electronic battlefield. In 1971, GE's gross military sales exceeded \$1 billion and amounted to 20 per cent of the company's total sales, placing GE in fifth place among U.S. war contractors.

GE provides major aircraft with engines, machine guns, advanced electronic data processing equipment, vision devices for night aerial attacks.

GE's annual stockholders

meeting will take place this year on Wednesday, April 26, at the Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel in downtown Houston. Clergy and Laymen Concerned, along with the Houston Committee to end the War and other anti-war activists, will picket the meeting to protest GE's complicity in U.S. war crimes in Southeast Asia. The groups have rented a room on the floor above GE's meeting place, where they will hold a press conference and present a slide show on the electronic battlefield.

They will have some stockholders present a resolution calling for the company to cancel its defense production. Following is a description of some of GE's "products for better living."

Phantom F-4

Among the most important aircraft utilized in the air war, and modified to carry electronic equipment as part of the automated battlefield, is the Phantom F-4 fighter/bomber, the "Workhorse of the Air War." The F-4, equipped with General Electric J-79 engines and 20mm Vulcan cannon, has been used extensively in bombing raids, escort missions for the B-52 ground support and reconnaissance.

The F-4 is also one of the aircraft specifically outfitted to meet the requirements of the Air Force's Igloo White program, the

Space In

Cinema

The film scene is crushed with the wind-up of the various college film series and a slew of regular theatrical openings. Borsalino is finally making it to our shores, and *Made For Each Other* is rolling in from NY only a few months late. Anyone staying home to watch television this week is a fool. A selection of the bad and beautiful:

Bonnie and Clyde. One of the few "New American Films" that didn't get lost in the shuffle. Too bad we can't say the same for "McCabe and Mrs. Miller." Jerry Lewis Cinema, 782-4242.

Borsalino. Houston premiere. Thru April 26 at the Park III Film Festival, 522-5632. Student discounts. SEE SHORT-TAKE REVIEW.

Brewster, McCloud. What happens to a script rewritten to "cut down on fantasy" in the story of a boy who flies? It becomes heavier than air. Filmed in Houston, but it might as well have been Mars. 8pm, April 20. Oberholtzer Ballroom, UH. Admission, 75 cents, R.

The Brig. From the underground and Jonas Mekas, a stark clash between documentary and theater in this nightmare of military sadism. Well worth the claustrophobia. 7:30pm, April 20. Anderson Hall, U. of St. Thomas. Free.

Bullitt. More important historically than good. This movie may well be responsible for the current vogue of the Cinema du Zap. Jerry Lewis Cinema, 782-4242.

Cabaret. A great movie. Intelligent and careful on the outside, the film nurtures a raw, nerve-racking core — Liza Minnelli in the performance of her (or anyone's) life. Windsor, 622-2650. Reserved seats. PG

The Caretaker. "A fascinating, funny, eerie film, a work of murky evocations boiling out of grubby naturalistic minutiae," says Stanley Kauffmann. We say it's a drag. With Alan Bates and Donald Pleasance, from Harold Pinter's drama. 8pm, April 21. Library auditorium, UH. Free.

A Clockwork Orange. "No reviewer has illuminated any aspect of my work for me," says Stanley Kubrick, who has taken his marbles and gone to play somewhere else. Galleria Cinema, 626-4011. X

Concert for Bangladesh. The film of the benefit, capturing less of its excitement than did the recording. Do the film's profits also go to charity? River Oaks, 524-2175. R

Diary of a Country Priest. Robert Bresson's 1951 adaptation of the novel by French philosopher Georges Bernanos. See with Philip Berrigan in mind. 7:30pm, April 24. University Center, UH. Free. In French, with English subtitles.

Festival. A concert film featuring Dylan, Baez, Donovan, Buffy Ste. Marie, others. Midnight, April 21. Metropolitan, 228-8151.

Flash Gordon. Continuing chapters of the original serial (with Buster Crabbe) are cofeatured by the week at the Park III Film Festival. These days, Flash is being forced to shovel radium in the city of the Hawk-Men, while Dale's virtue is under pressure.

The French Connection. A hateful fast-ass thriller that just won a hunch of Oscars. (It's also made a ton of money, and the two are not unrelated) A well done movie, no doubt about it, but some jobs just shouldn't be done at all. Park III, Shamrock Four, and all over. R

Getting Straight. Elliott Gould at his worst, which is saying something. 7 and 10pm, April 26; 8pm, April 27. Oberholtzer Ballroom, UH. Admission 75 cents.

The Godfather. Everything you've heard and more; intelligent and unpatronizing, it still has the raw energy that only American films seem able to capture. Brando is magnificent; Al Pacino even better. At all four Cinemas. (The crush is off slightly; still, it's best to try for a week-night.) High prices. R

The Hot Rock. Lukewarm, despite some hectic character roles (George Segal, Ron Liebman and Paul Sand.) Alabama, 522-5176. PG

Klute. Jane Fonda is the best young actress in the business, and she's never been better than in this middling thriller. With Donald Sutherland in support. Park II (522-5632) and around. R

The Last Picture Show. Obviously too good for the Academy, this film edged out "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" as the best American film of 1971. Delman, 529-1257. R

Macbeth. Roman Polanski exorcises the Tate murder in his own blood-thirsty spree (the first "Playboy Production"). Bellaire, 664-0182. R

Made For Each Other. An odd little comedy, probably the best of last year. Opens April 21 at the Village, 528-2334. PG

McCabe and Mrs. Miller. Robert Altman reveals the promise he has been hiding, and Warren Beatty redeems his fitful career. An excellent, difficult film—shamefully ignored by audiences from coast to coast. Yes, it's boring, but only if you're unwilling to work a little to keep up with it all. Cofeatured with "Klute" at the Park II (522-5632) and around. R

Medea. Maria Callas, in her long-awaited (presumably) debut as a non-singing actress. Kaplan Theatre, 729-3200.

A New Leaf. A genuinely charming movie that never quite works. But some of it is priceless, however amorphous the total experience. Elaine May directs and stars, with Walter Matthau. Nobody saw this movie the first time out, so this time you have to hit the drive ins.

One Is A Lonely Number. Memorial, 465-5258. PG. SEE SHORT-TAKE REVIEW.

Rice Media Center. Three short films each night, produced by the Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, and directed and photographed by Roger Sandall, Visiting Lecturer at the Media Center. 8pm, April 21-23. Free.

Rush to Judgment. The Emile de Antonio documentary. 7:30pm, April 27. Anderson Hall, U. of St. Thomas. Free.

Shaft. A fun, often invigorating thriller/comedy with Richard Roundtree. Loew's State, 222-2040. R

Snow Job. Jean-Claude Killy had better hope he can go on skiing for a few more years, for his acting career is Dead on Arrival. Around. PG

Tales from the Crypt. Word is that this anthology of horror is dynamite. At the drive-ins. PG

The Ten Commandments. G od, Charlton Heston and C.B. deMille share the billing. Around. G for Gargantuan.

Together. Tacky. Metropolitan, 228-8151. X

The Virgin Spring. A timeless masterpiece about man's duty to God. A shockingly brutal and brilliant film, directed (1959) by Ingmar Bergman. 8pm, April 28. Library Auditorium, UH. Free. In Swedish, with English subtitles.

What's Up Doc? Laughter in a theatre is a rare thing these days — and the jokes are funny, if not very original. But the whole is less than the sum of its parts, and you walk away with a sour taste in your mouth. Peter Bogdanovich directs Barbra Streisand (fair) — Ryan O'Neal (awful) and a fine crowd of hit-players. Town & Country Six, 467-2476. There's a \$1.50 price between 5 and 6pm; the rest of the time the prices are jacked. G

Theater

Cinderella. A children's production. 2pm, Saturdays and Sundays thru May 14. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

Jack and the Beanstalk. A musical production from Studio 7. 2pm, Saturdays thru May 20. Houston Music Theatre, 771-6374.

Oh, Baby. An original comedy by Houstonian Walter Boyd. Directed by Jim Siedow. 8:30pm, Fridays and Saturdays. Theatre Suburbia, 682-3525.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Highly acclaimed production of Dale Wasserman's adaptation of the Kesey novel. Directed by C.C. Courtney, and featuring a fine cast. Last week. 8pm, thru April 29. Liberty Hall, 225-6250.

Reunion. A one-act black comedy written by Houstonian Jim Bernhard, directed by Roger Glade. This theatre deserves more support. 9pm, Fridays and Saturdays. Playwright's Showcase, 524-3168.

Richard III. "The only X-rated Shakespeare in town" — so help me — reads the publicity. Sidney Berger directs. UH Drama Department production. April 26-29. Cullen Hall.

Salvation. A dynamite production of the off-Broadway rock opera. C.C. Courtney has reworked the script; Phil Oesterman directs. 8pm, Thurs-Sat; 7pm, Sundays. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

Taming of the Shrew. With Woody Eney and Lillian Evans; directed by Robert Leonard. 8:30pm, Tues-Fri; 5 and 9pm, Saturdays; 2:30 and 7:30pm, Sundays. Alley Theatre, 228-8421.

Music

Houston Symphony Orchestra 615 Louisiana. 224-4240. Roberta Peters, soprano. With the orchestra under the direction of Piero Bellugi. 8pm, April 23-25. Jones Hall. **Kenny Rogers and the First Edition.** With the orchestra under the direction of A. Clyde Roller. Foley's "Sounds of the 70's" series. Paralyzing, unnatural, senseless. 8pm, April 27. Jones Hall.

Houston Youth Symphony **Allego Dollar Ballet.** Houston Youth Symphony and the Alegro Ballet Company. Featuring Andrea Vodehnal, Dennis Marshall, and Jan Simmons. In a performance of the second act of Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake", "This Jazz Symphony," and "Swingle Singers Suite." 8 pm, April 22. Jones Hall. Ticket Information: 781-7155.

Shepherd School of Music **Lyric Arts String Quartet.** Fredell Lack Eichhorn and Albert Muenzer, violin, Wayne Crouse, viola, and Shirley Trepel, cello. In a performance of Beethoven's Quartet in F-major, Opus 59 number 1, and Bartok's String Quartet number six. 8:30 pm, April 20. Hamman Hall. Free.

Houston Jazz Ballet Company. Performing Variations from "Raymonda," Bill Chaison's "Games for 12," Patsy Swayze's "Color Me Damned," and others. 8 pm, April 21-22, and 2:30 pm, April 23. Houston Music Theater. Ticket Information: 771-6371.

University of Houston School of Music **Music Scholarship Benefit Concert.** Albert Hirsh, pianist. With the U of H Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of A. Clyde Roller. In a performance of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, the overture to Wagner's "Rienzi", Webern's Six Pieces for Orchestra, and a Suite from Stravinsky's "The Firebird." 8:30 pm, April 21. Jones Hall. Ticket Information: 748-6600, ext 520.

University of Saint Thomas 3812 Montrose. 522-7911. **Spring Scholarship Festival. JAZZ AT ST. THOMAS.** Thomas Borling directing the UST Stage Band. 8 pm, April 20. Jones Hall on the Campus. **UST CHAMBER SINGERS AND COLLEGIUM MUSICUM.** Directed by Samuel Thiel. In a performance of selected Madrigals and Purcell's "A Midsummer Night's Dream". 8 pm, April 21. Jones Hall, UST. **MUSIC AND MEDIA.** Experimental workshop, conducted by Thomas Borling. 8 pm, April 22. Jones Hall, UST. **A FAMILY OF FLUTES.** Jan Cole, flute, alto flute, bass flute, piccolo, and recorders. With Mary Elizabeth Lee, harpsichord and piano. A must!

The Staple Singers. With Grover Washington Jr., the Honeycombs and the Eight Day. 8 pm, April 22. Hofheinz Pavilion. Tickets available at the Black Arts Center, 2765 Lyons.

Elton John. A counter-culture cowboy from Sussex. Foley's "Choice Quality Stuff." Presented by the University of Houston Program Council and KAUM. 8 pm, April 28. Hofheinz Pavilion. Tickets at Foley's.

La Bastille Franklin at Old Market Square. 227-3788. **Cannonball Adderly.** Nightly through Saturday. Mellow and soulful.

More Music on next page

Music Cont. from 11

Classical Indian Music with Raj Naik on Sitar and Sambhu Basu on Tabla. Sunday, Apr 23 at 8:00 pm at Espiritu Hall, Calumet and San Jacinto. Tickets sell for only \$1. For more information, call 528-3301.

Jesus Christ Superstar. It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God. I wonder what kind of groupies this one attracts. 7:30 and 10 pm, April 28. Tickets: 223-4822.

S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. Cavalcade of Harmony. Barber-shop quartet. 8 pm, April 28-29. Jones Hall. Ticket Information: 622-4630.

Paintings and Plastics

Contemporary Arts Museum 3417 Montrose, 526-3129.

"A bright shiny warehouse of objets d'art looking like a Schick Injector blade for the Jolly Green Giant." (Lynn Ashby, Houston Post)

Museum of Fine Arts 1001 Bissonnet, 526-3129. **RODIN:** Cullinan Hall. **HOUSTON POST SPRING ART EXHIBIT:** Masterson Junior Gallery.

Rice University 6100 S. Main, 528-4141. **"THE WORK OF VENTURI AND RAUCH."** A traveling exhibition on two plastic billboards of the work and thought of Venturi and Rauch, Architects and Planners of Philadelphia. Thru May 15. Photographs by Rice Students. Thru May 10. Institute for the Arts, University at Stockton, ext. 246. **PRINT AND DRAWING SHOW.** Prints and drawings by Corbin Bennett, Dixon Bennett, James Boynton, Philip Renteria, Robert Yucikas. Small works by John Atlas. Thru April 21. **LECTURES:** "The Litterati Tradition in Chinese Painting." Prof. Neil Chassman, S.M.U. 7:30 pm. Media Center Auditorium, University at Stockton, April 20.

Galleries:

Adept Gallery. Luther G. Walker in a one-man show of paintings, poetry, and prose. 6-9 weekdays. 1-5 pm Sundays. 1317 Binz.

Artists Outlet Community Center. Local black artists on the black lifestyle. Most media. 9-5pm. Mon-Sat. 2603 Blodgett.

Contract Graphics. Paintings and drawings with bright colors and geometric shapes by artist Robin Bruch. 5116 Morningside, 524-1596. **David Gallery.** See a little bit of everything. 2243 San Felipe, 524-0977.

Frame Forum. Michael Hannan prints, odds and ends. Also in-expensive framing services by local artists. 1405 Waugh.

Gallery of Original Arts. Abstracts by Gilbert, miniatures by J. Stewart Nagler. Farmer's Market, Town and Country Village, 467-6577.

The Good Earth Gallery. A new gallery concept featuring Houston artists. Mixed media and prices. Hours are 11am-3pm and 7-10pm daily. 508 Louisiana.

Hooks-Epstein Gallery. Contemporary graphics by various artists. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

Houston Baptist College. Paintings by Joe Polley Paine, M.D. Anderson Student Center. 7502 Fondren. 774-7661.

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Houston Public Library. "South-west Indian Painting," and exhibition of Indian watercolors on loan from the Museum of Fine Arts. On display during Library hours. 500 McKinney Ave.

Jewish Community Center. Selections from the 8th Jury Award competition. In the center's gallery. 5601 S. Brasewood, 729-3200.

Kiko Galleries. Oils by artist Rene Bro. Portfolios from Edition Ur a/Europe. 10am-5pm Mon-Sat. 419 Lovett, 522-3722.

Latent Image. Old and new photographs of Houston. A feast for the eye. Probably Houston's most beautiful collection. 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

Alfred Lee Gallery. Traditional sculptures by Ann Armstrong and Contemporary graphics by many international artists. 3404 Roseland, 522-2519.

Long and Company. West and Wilderness exhibition covers the period in American Art from 1865 to the present. 2323 San Felipe, 523-6671.

Lowell Collins Gallery. Sculptures and etchings by Rose Vanken Hickey. Watercolors by Odette Ruben. 2903 Saint, 622-6962.

Radio

A brief rundown of the FM stations in and around the Houston area in call-letter order, to either add to or detract from your listening pleasure:

KAUM-96.5, 24 hours daily. One of the two underground stations worth listening to. Sunday night talk shows and informative programs.

KFMK-98.0, 5am-midnight daily. A great station for Jesus Freaks.

KFRD-104.9, daily 1-11 pm. Rival to KIKK. This one does have some variety — easier pop (?), loads of Spanish, and an American Czech Hour. Too much.

KHCB-105.7, 24 hours daily. Christian Radio. Bible Studies in the afternoon; ("Stories of Great Christians") is rather moving.

KIKK-95.7, 24 hours daily. Same as KIKK-AM, but Merle Haggard must sound better in stereo.

KLEF-94.5, daily until midnight. The only classical station in Houston. Program guide available.

KLOL-101.1, 24 hours daily. The other worthwhile listening station in Houston for good music. News-casts are nice, with "lights" and the birds in the background.

KLYX-102.1, daily until midnight. Contemporary adult music (????!?)

KODA-100.1, 24 hours daily. Middle-of-the-road entertainment. Comparable to the station above.

KPFT-90.1, 24 hours daily. Pacifica: "Free Speech Radio for the Great Southwest." You name it, they have it. Weekday hour-long newscast at 6pm. Subscriber supported; no commercials.

KQUE-102.9, 24 hours daily. The "Muzak" favorite; great for River Oaks wives with rich hubbies.

KRBE-104.1, 24 hours daily. Theme is "Solid Gold". Comparable to any boring noisy AM station.

KRLY-93.7, 24 hours daily. Another AM number.

KUHF-88.7, 3pm-1am weekdays only. U of H station; rock, jazz, interviews. Program guide available.

KYND-92.5, 24 hours daily. "Memorable easy listening" for swinging singles.

SPECIAL PROGRAMS FOR THE WEEK OF APRIL 20-28.

Thurs, April 20 —

9am — **ANIAS NIN 1.** Mrs Nin reads selections from the recently published fourth selection of her diary concerning the early 40's. KPFT

6:30pm — **INDIA MUSIC.** KUHF

8pm — **HOUSTON CONCERT HOUSTON.** Highlight from TSU's Ideas of Jazz program which was held March 15; featuring TSE large Jazz Ensemble performing Ralph Hampton's "Nat Turner's Revenge," Howard Harris' "Black Roots and Hipness," and Doug Harris' "Sorrow, Bitterness and Revolution. KPFT

8:30pm — **WOMANS FORUM: MARRIAGE. THE END OF THE ROAD?** Is Marriage any way for a woman or man to spend a lifetime? The married, unmarried and divorced exchange ideas; phone lines will be open. KPFT

Fri, April 21

9am — **MILLERABILIA 111.** Excerpts from Henry Miller's letter to Emil White (1931-33), "Uterine Hunger" from the *Wisdom of the Heart*; excerpts from 2 essays: "Reunion in Brooklyn," (From *Sunday After the War*) and "Stand Still like a Hummingbird" KPFT

3:30pm — **STORIES OF GREAT CHRISTIANS.** KHCB

7:00pm — **NOSTALGIZ.** The old days of radio. KUHF
8:30pm — **MADDOGS BITE.** Bi-weekly essays into the strange, bizarre, and heliotrope produced by a close friend of Amelia Earhart's Scottie, Willie. KPFT

Sun, April 23

8pm — **KAUM NEWS MAGAZINE.** Two or three features; different coverage each week. Check KAUM for the program for the evening.
8:30pm — **INSIGHT.** Produced by Tom Wright and Elma Berrera. This week's issues feature Elma investigating a political race between the Chicano candidates; Tom will do a piece on Black's and the Westheimer School District. KAUM

9:30pm — **TELEPHONE TALK SHOW.** Each week a different person and/or topic in which the KAUM lines are open to discuss the problem. Sign off at 1:30am. KAUM

Monday, April 24

9am — **THE SKATERS.** Reading of major poem by John Ashbury, considered by many to be a major poem of the 60's. KPFT

3:07pm — **ON CAMPUS.** Daily at 3,4, and 5:07 pm. Brief rundown of events and happenings at UH; music also. KUHF

9pm — **IF YOU FEAR I'LL LOSE MY SPIRIT . . . A PROGRAM FOR ROCKY ERICSON.** This should be a familiar name to all old timer Houstonians; a celebration of the 13th Floor Elevators, centered in a verbal exploration of the many levels of "Ship Inside This House," written and produced by Doug Milburn. Highly recommended. KPFT

Tues, April 25

9am — **COME TO LIFE.** "The Growth Center of the Air" Herschel Lymin comments on the positive value of psychedelic drugs as used within the medical and psychiatric professions, and introduces a tape recording of an interview with Dr. S. Grof. (For additional reading pleasure on this topic, check into *The Joyous Cosmology* by Alan Watts, with an intro by Tim Leary. KPFT

7:30pm — **SPECIAL OF THE WEEK.** A new surprise weekly. KUHF.

9:30pm — **MONTREUX JAZZ FESTIVAL.** Broadcast through National Public Radio. KUHF

10pm — **ANGELA DAVIS BENEFIT.** Program of tapes made at the benefit in which Herbie Mann, Malo, Taj Mahal and other artists performed for Angela in Berkeley. KPFT

Wednesday, April 26

8:00pm — **ON THE LINE.** Live interviews with the people making today's news. KUHF

10:00pm — **JAZZ SOLO.** Nightly until sign-off. 3 hours of groovy jazz. KUHF

Thursday, April 27

9am — **FEMINIST ART MOVEMENT.** Features Marcia Tucker of the Whitney Museum in New York. KPFT

7:00pm — **MONTAGE.** Folk-rock selections by individual disc jockeys. KUHF

Friday, April 28

9am — **TROPIC OF MILLER 111.** The man and his work; continuing studies of Miller and his fairy tales. KPFT

12:15pm — **THE BRIARPATCH.** Thorne Dreyer and Bobby Eakin: interviews, news, live and recorded music. Weekdays until 3 pm. KPFT

8:00pm — **TWO HOURS TO KILL.** Weekly until 10pm. Comedy routines. KUHF

The Tube

Thu, Apr 20

8 pm *Interlude* with Oskar Werner and Barbara Ferris. Although I'm a Werner freak, I can't recommend this one because I haven't seen it. Ch 11

9:45 David Littlejohn Critic at Large. This week's show features readings from the works of Sylvia Plath. Ch 8

10:00 pm Soul! Guests will be Muhammed Ali, Miriam Makeba and a group called the Delfonics. Ch 8

Fri, Apr 21

7:30 Film *Odyssey.* Jean Cocteau's *Orpheus*, a 20th century version of the Greek myth, starring Jean Marais as Orpheus. Ch 8

12:30 am It's Claudette Colbert night! *Drums Along the Mohawk*, *Cleopatra* and *So Proudly We Hail*. I'm still waiting for James Dean night. Ch 11

Sat, Apr 22

1:30 pm *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living and Became Mixed Up Zombies:* the movie that won the award for the longest title ever. Ch 11

7:00 pm *Elmer Gantry*, starring Burt Lancaster, Shirley Jones and Jean Simmons. Don't miss this one. Ch 2

10:30 pm *Curse of the Cat People.* Ch 26

11:30 pm *Flower Drum Song.* Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta and Miyoshi Umeki. Ch 13

Sun, Apr 23

10:30 pm *Saratoga.* Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Lionel Barrymore. Ch 2

Mon, Apr 24

7:00 pm *An American Journey:* The daily routine of a shrimp fisherman and his family in Alameda County on the Gulf Coast of Florida. A documentary which probes the attempts by some Americans to retain their simple life style in the face of the complexities of modern society. Ch 8

8:30 pm "Places Where I've Done Time" by William Saroyan. Brief sketches of people and places he has known from his boyhood in California to his present travels around the world. Ch 8

Tue, Apr 25

9:00 pm *Cranko's Castle:* Documentary performance special on the famous Stuttgart Opera Ballet and its director, John Cranko. Contains a complete performance of Cranko's "Opus 1" Ch 8
10:30 *Murder Most Foul* with Margaret Rutherford. Ch 11

Wed, Apr 26

6:30 pm *The Consolidation of the Russian Revolution.* Ch 8
10:30 *Dark at the Top of the Stairs.* Robert Preston. Ch 11



Don Sanders

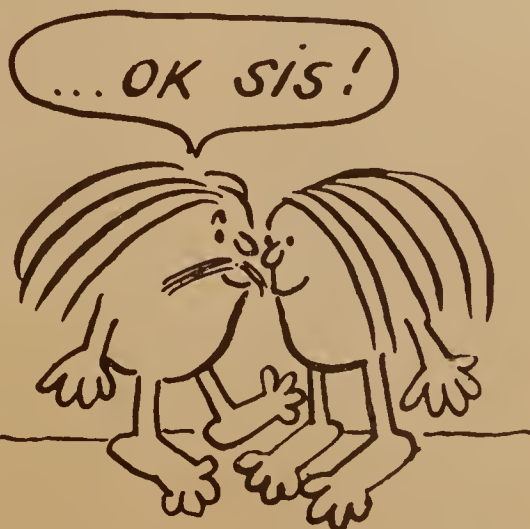
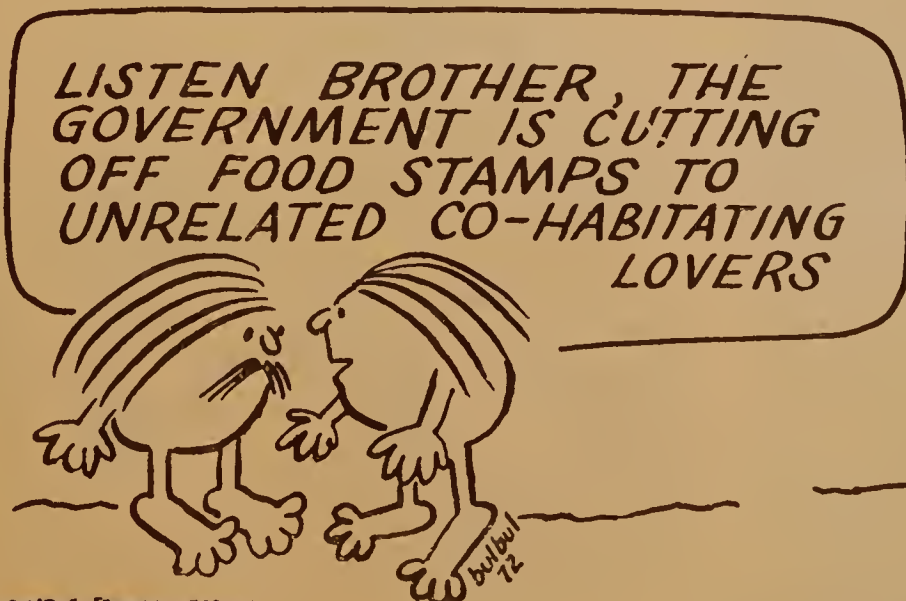
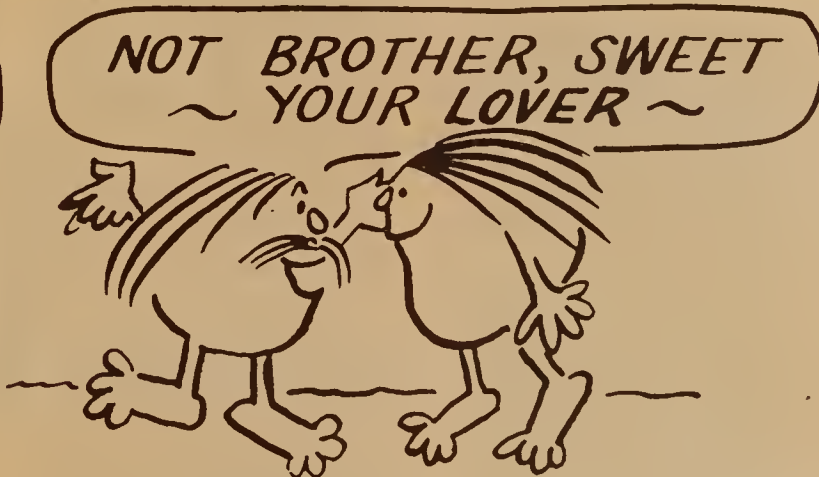
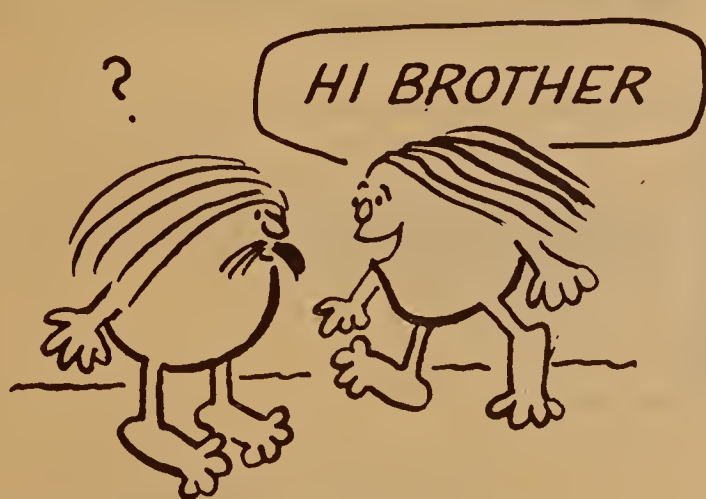


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Short Takes

Borsalino. Directed by Jacques Deray. Screenplay by Claude Carriere, Claude Sautet, Jacques Deray. Music by Claude Bolling. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Alain Delon, Catherine Rouvel.

A comedy thriller parodying -- with greatest affection -- American gangsters movies of the thirties, and starring the two sexiest men to have breathed air, fresh or otherwise. The movie frolics along, to a great score like "Bonnie and Clyde" -- that is, the music keeps sounding less and less appropriate, as the tragic ending becomes clear.

Everyone knows how pornographic films (especially American ones) routinely portray lesbian affection. It seems that men, practically the sole audience for porn, love to watch women together. I've never known why, until I saw Belmondo and Delon together in this film.

Nothing is overt, of course -- and the plot definitely states otherwise -- but it's impossible for a woman to watch these two without thinking of them together. For them to ever spend a minute in clothes is a crime, and if they have no one else around, then together is better than nothing.

Don't get me wrong. This is just an idle notion, and one that has nothing (as I said) to do with the plot. But they're so beautiful!

-- Esther Dyson

One is a Lonely Number. Produced by Stan Margulies. Directed by Mel Stuart. Screenplay by David Seltzer. Music by Michel Legrand. With Trish Van Devere, Monte Markham, Janet Leigh and Melvyn Douglas. Released by MGM.

This is obviously a Woman's Picture, slick flattery directed at the divorced and near-divorced with adjustment problems and time on their hands. It appeals to vanity and martyrdom in Trish Van Devere, enduring a plague of cold-hearted husbands, slimy employment counselors, soothing philanderers and unscrupulous attorneys in feminine bewilderment.

The plot is so uneventful it defies summary, but I will give you a hint by divulging the end. They've made her get a job as lifeguard and required us to sit through hours of poolside antics for the sake of this final metaphor: on the day her divorce goes through, Trish at long last can make that swan dive off the high board that's terrified her so long. Freeze-frame.

After the first few minutes of Miss Van Devere's uneventful presence (you wonder what uncle or sexual perversion catapulted this girl to stardom) it's a pleasure to meet Melvyn Douglas as the wise old grocer who knows as much about a woman's heart as an artichoke's. But the real knockout is Janet Leigh, the president of the Marin County Divorce League. She seems to have walked in from another movie -- or from a gossip column. Since it's already gone up to GP for the love scene they might as well depart further from TV and let Janet say "shit." It makes you giggle every time, it's so incongruous in this soap opera. But there she is, shrilling over poor Trish like a mummified Barbie Doll with the Divorcee's War

Cry -- still a cliché, but pretty exciting.

There's no point in picking this movie out for moral outrage. It's too much like everything you see on TV, if you want to, and the value system that creates and believes in it is too easy to ridicule. Although men are villains and Trish finds she is better off without them, it's not a Hollywood look at Women's Liberation (which would be grounds for attack). This isn't powerful enough to influence anybody, and it's not a movie you love to hate like *The Cowboys*. Really, it's not worth going to for any reason, unless you just have to get out of the house. And if Trish is typical, the divorcees are all staying home waiting for their husbands to call.

-- Patricia Gruben

Tannheuser. Conducted by Walter Herbert. Stage direction by Bodo Igesz. Chorus directed by Charles Rosenkrans. Sets and lighting by John Naccarato and Neil Jampolis. With Ticho Parly, Klara Barlow, Wolfgang Annheiser, Malcolm Smith, Perry Price, Charles Bergman, Thomas Acord, John Mack Ousley, Dinae Tobola. A Houston Grand Opera Production.

The HGO ended its most successful season yet with an encouraging display of new growth, but with a "Tannheuser" that didn't quite make it out of the woods. The production was troubled by poor sets, lighting and stage direction -- and by a lackluster performance from Parly, a last-minute replacement for Jess Thomas.

For all that, production was relaxed and engaging and rather surprisingly delicate in its treatment of Wagner's powerhouse romantic drama. The cast was, as was the cast for "The Medium," even and strong -- with especially fine performances from Barlow and Smith. The chorus, although immobile and shoddily costumed, sang very well. And the orchestra, particularly clarinetist Richard Pickar, played commendably.

Visually, the production relied too heavily on spectacle for its own good. It became painfully clear about two minutes into the first act that the Venusberg was going to be the Honselberg and the forest of Thuringia, and a shopworn Landgrave's castle as well. Things should have been either more expensive or less obtrusive.

-- Joel Barna

Leonard Shure. Presented by the Pasadena Chamber Music Society. April 14, 1972.

Houston is hardly the center of the civilized world. But even by Houston standards, San Jacinto Junior College is in the hinterlands. Or perhaps badlands. It is difficult to imagine a more god-forsaken looking area than that stretch of Pasadena between the ship channel and Texas City where San Jacinto Junior College is located. Except maybe Galena Park. It is all the more surprising then that it was at Slocum Auditorium on the junior college campus that pianist Leonard Shure, presented by the Pasadena Chamber Music Society, gave one of the three really memorable musical performances of this season (Joanna Bruno's Monica in HGO's "The Medium", and Peter Frankl's Mozart Piano Concerto 15 with the Houston Symphony are the others.). The audience, small but receptive, was amply rewarded for whatever lengths it had to go to attend.

Beethoven's last four piano sonatas are works of ineffable beauty. The most demanding of these, the most withdrawn and disquieting, Number 29 in E-minor (Opus 109), was the second selection of Mr. Shure's program. He caught its animation, and brought it out of its recesses with a delicate and stately hand. It was splendid. The rest of the program was Chopin and Schumann, a fine complement

Osibisa, Rufus Jagneaux. Presented by Southern Voice at Liberty Hall, April 16-17.

Osibisa means criss-cross rhythm and is the name of an international group of musicians who play the rhythms and melodies of ecstasy. They are the advance guard of what may be the beginning of a new era in musical history. Composed of musicians from Africa and the West Indies, Osibisa combines the incredibly complex and exciting traditional rhythms of Africa with the electricity of rock and the creativity of jazz with American soul music.

Many other groups, like Santana and Chicago, have attempted to utilize such a combination of styles but Osibisa is the first group to truly realize the potential of such a cross-current of styles while playing some of the happiest, most natural and truly beautiful music I have ever heard.

The band is composed of seven musicians. Whendell Richardson from Antigua, West Indies, plays lead guitar, percussion and talking drums; Robert Bailey from Trinidad plays organ, piano, timbales and guitar; Spartacus of Brenanda, West Indies, is on bass; Teddy Osei of Ghana plays tenor saxophone, flute and percussion; Mc Tontoh of Kahasa, Ghana, is on trumpet and flugelhorn; Lassi Amao of Nigeria plays congas and haritone saxophone and Sol Amajio of Ghana is on drums. Osibisa was formed two years ago in England, where the members now live. They have two albums, on Decca records, *Osibisa* and *Woyaya*, which are both excellent. All of the musicians sing and

play various African percussion instruments in addition to their main axes and when they start to move, no one can stand still. They had the entire audience at Liberty Hall moving like a great sea of ecstatic clapping hands, jumping and shaking like Houston has never seen.

Their music moves, building layers of sound and percussion from simple rhythm patterns into increasingly complex counter rhythms and melodies. Each musician is thoroughly competent on his instrument and the eclecticism is amazing. For example, they list Chuck Berry, Jimi Hendrix, Wes Montgomery, Aretha Franklin, Burt Bacharach, Fuzzy "Funky Ass" Samuels, Miles Davis, the Beatles, Ray Charles, Quincy Jones, B.B. King, Bo Diddley and Marvin Gaye as major influences on their playing, in addition to the music of their homelands. This is Osibisa's first U.S. tour and they are, at present, not well known. But I feel that they will soon be one of the most popular hands around. Their music is so happy and infectious that it could well start a musical revolution.

As the guitarist, Whendell Richardson explains: "The blues have been around a long time but I think it's time now for something new, something to spread the joy."

Rufus Jagneaux, the second group on the bill, was a disappointment, but showed the potential to become a good band. They are a group of young musicians from Louisiana who mix many musical idioms but, at present, lack the maturity to bring their music above a level of mediocrity.

-- Tary Owens



The Rolling Stones will give two concerts in Hofheinz Pavillion, Sunday, June 25, 1972. Tickets will be sold by KLOL and will be on sale on Mother's Day, May 14, ONLY.

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being relocated to the Houston jail.



Cultures collide at Federal Building.

Chains

Cont. from 3

and were marched off, POW style.

Three of the defendants used their one phone call to dial Pacifica radio, and they were heard live during the Briarpatch show. Wayne Vogel told the KPFT listening audience that some of the Houston police "say they're against the war. We're trying to get them to do something."

He went on to explain why he felt their act of civil disobedience was justified: "It's hard to find anyone who thinks we're doing anything there (Vietnam) of value — yet it continues. The President refuses to stop. The Congress apparently is incapable. I think that the people are just going to have to do it themselves.... We just couldn't keep silent anymore. I guess the spokesmen for the Pentagon can call a press conference and get hundreds of newsmen and give them all the official propaganda and it gets printed up in all the newspapers. We have to go out and get arrested — chain ourselves to the federal building — in order to get people to listen to us."

One weird bit of irony we shouldn't fail to mention. As the demonstrators were awaiting the arrival of the Houston police, they did a few rounds of "Give Peace a Chance" and "We Shall Overcome". As they sang the words, "We shall overcome some day; Oh deep in my heart, I do believe. . ." a weird moan filled the air, producing an instant counterpoint to their melody. It was Houston's air raid siren, doing its regular Friday noon practice run. Pretty eerie, that.

* * * * *

People wishing to show their support for the eight and their opposition to Nixon's war should come to a demonstration Friday, April 19, at noon outside the Federal Building, 515 Rusk. The action is sponsored by the Peoples Coalition for Peace and Justice and the Houston Peace Action Coalition. (There will be major anti-war demonstrations in Los Angeles and New York Saturday.)

There will also be a demonstration in Houston Wednesday, April 26, at the annual General Electric stock-holders meeting, at the Sheraton-Lincoln Hotel. There will be guerrilla theater, a picket line and a press conference; it's all to express opposition to GE's involvement in the war, and activities start at 9 a.m. (See article this issue.)

For more information about these actions and about defense activities for the eight defendants in the Federal Building chain-in, contact the Peace Center, 227-1646.

o Town

electronic surveillance and attack program known as the automated battlefield. A squadron of F-4's have been modified to seed the Ho Chi Minh trail with ADSIDS (Air Delivered Seismic Intrusion Detectors) and other acoustic and seismic sensors which are used to detect "enemy" movements and which guide eventual attack sorties by aircraft or artillery units.

In Project Commando Bolt, information received from sensors is forwarded to relay aircraft which feed the data into an IBM 360 computer located in Thailand, the control center. This computer, also reinforced with GE computer equipment, can automatically program computers on board the F-4, guide the aircraft to the target area, and again automatically release bombs.

Walleye

The F-4 also carries an advanced, electro-optically guided bomb, considered a key asset in modernized air war capabilities for all weather and night activity. Called the Walleye (or "smart" bomb), this bomb is designed to destroy targets requiring a great deal of accuracy, or allow for close ground support bombings. Containing a high explosive warhead, the Walleye has a gyro-stabilized TV camera which is focused by the pilot from a TV display unit in the cockpit made by GE (heads-up TV display). Once focused

on target, the system locks in and guides its own flight trajectory by means of four fins mounted on the bomb's rear.

GE provides other equipment for the F-4, including automatic fire control systems and three types of electronic countermeasure (ECM) devices. Without ECM's devices used to jam "enemy" radar and allow aircraft protection from missiles and anti-aircraft, the air war in Vietnam would be seriously weakened. Before aircraft were with ECM, losses of aircraft were high, especially during raids over North Vietnam.

Puff, the Magic Dragon

Puff, the Magic Dragon (AC47) is a C-47 plane outfitted with three Gatling-type Miniguns (produced by GE) capable of delivering 18,000 rounds a minute. Helicopters have also been fitted with Miniguns. "Primarily an anti-personnel weapon, Puff circles a beleaguered outpost while the pilot lines up the target in a gunsight. Flying at 122 knots, he fires while he keeps the left wing low and the sighting image on the target. Capable of circling long hours over a target, Puff can start the deadly circle quickly and in three seconds cover an area the size of a football field with at least one bullet to every square foot." (St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

Other major GE defense con-

tracts are for Polaris/Poseidon nuclear cores and guidance systems, MBRV and Mard-12 re-entry vehicles, and M-16 rifles (the weapon now being used by all our elite guerrilla warfare military units).

GE is no newcomer into the Military-Industrial Complex; it has used its power in the national military establishment to advance its profits for years. In 1954 President Eisenhower said that the American military had to intervene in Asia so that the United States could control "the tin and tungsten of Indochina." GE is a heavy tungsten user. One GE director, Edmund Littlefield, is head of Utah Mining and Construction, which also produces tungsten. His company built the jet runways in Thailand and Laos that are used for bombing raids on Vietnam.

GE's power to influence national policy pays the company well. GE was stagnating in 1964, with profits scarcely higher than in 1960. Then came the 1965 escalation of a war that GE helped plan; average annual pro-

fits since 1965 have been 40 percent higher than they were in the five years before. GE war contracts have more than doubled since 1965, for a total of over \$7 billion in six years.

Supporters who wish to join the demonstration should be at the Sheraton-Lincoln (corner of Polk and Milam) by 9 a.m. There will be guerrilla theater, a picket line and slide show. If you know any GE stockholders, pass the word to them. We need lots of stock proxies to get a large delegation into the meeting. A similar action is planned for the Standard Oil stockholders meeting here on May 18. If you can help with leafletting or other publicity, call the Peace Center at 227-1646.

-- Cam Duncan

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A Letter From California:

Sisters!

I left Houston 10 days ago in low spirits. Nothing seemed to be working out. I had lost all my inspiration and was not willing to be inspired by anything in Houston. I kept thinking, first, that Houston's irremediably a downer; and, secondly, no, I'm the downer, Houston's just a place. The latter has proved to be the case.

Now, here in Berkeley, people tell me that *this* place is a downer. Nothing's happening. The "movement is dead." But everything looks just great to me. There's so much energy here, creativity, ideas and activities. Whadayamean the movement's dead?

Really! You walk around Berkeley... there are organic food places all over, people selling crafts, making music in the parks, selling various underground newspapers. Gee, if this is down, where's up? I guess up is where you're up, and down, where you're down.

But getting back to Houston. I had been particularly disillusioned with the women's movement in the past few months. I have been working with various women's groups for two years. There have always been disappointments but until recently the rewards have outnumbered them. In no other context have I been so intensely involved with the people I work with. Only in the women's movement have I been taken seriously as a human with problems and potentialities, and learned to do the same with others.

For in the various other "departments" of the Movement - those of information, labor, racism, health, food, protest, etc. - there is so often conflict based on dogma differences, impersonality, efficiency, leadership/dominance, ego gratification, alienation. In short, the movement, as a whole, has always failed to deal with the basis for human oppression and has attacked the symptoms instead. Rather than seeing each other as mutually insecure, conditioned victims and dealing with the conditioning through which all our actions and reactions are filtered, "revolutionaries" have insisted upon "sticking to the issues," maintaining ideological "purity," and generally alienating each other. So naturally the movement is dead, it was not revolutionary in practice to begin with; only in what it rejected was the movement ever radical. In practice, it was based on the charisma of certain heavy leaders like Rubin and Hoffman, who represented grooviness, a slick act, rather than any higher human qualities. It was based on a need to overthrow an oppressive system by the system's own tactics - militance, organizations, conspiracy, hate.

So what choice had we? Being the up-tight, anal-insecure children of our parents, we could only follow in their footsteps. For discovering a new way of relating, and effecting social change and personal discovery, may take several generations. Meanwhile we must deal with Reality, dismal though it may be.

But I think that the women's movement has discovered a few real choices, and set a few precedents for other groups. Our suspicion of heavy leadership as a substitute for group consciousness has certainly proved to be valid. Our insistence upon collective decisions even with all the hassles involved in reaching them is the only non-oppressive way to work together. And the intimacy of sisterhood is certainly a needed alternative to the impersonality, proprieties and conventions so rampant in American society and in the movement. For how can we overcome the organization man, the bureaucracy, unless we actively contend with each other, call each other on our own alienation and oppressiveness?

The women's movement, in Houston and elsewhere, has offered me an opportunity to shake myself out of a lot of spiritual and emotional paralysis, to feel and be new things. I wonder how many

other people who have worked with the Left in the past decade have experienced any real personal growth through contact with others.

But, alas, women too oppress each other. We still get caught up in rhetoric, the need to define each other verbally. And in our inner hostility, we see the opposite sex as the enemy rather than another duped victim. Our desire to place restrictions and expectations on each other, to put each other in categories, is simply another manifestation of our insecurity. Say sister, are you a HETERO or HOMO, STRATE or GAE, FEMME or BUTCH, which box do you fit into:

For example, just the day before yesterday here in Berkeley, I



LNS

attended a workshop on feminism and Third World women at the National Conference on Women and the Law. There were women from several ethnic groups: Wasps, Blacks, Chinese, Filipinos, Chicanas, Indians and others. Many of these women were attorneys or working toward it; they had their raps together. The conflict which ensued among us was really tense. A radical-lesbian-chicana screamed at a black sister that sexism is more oppressive than racism! The black sister disagreed, said we all gotta fight oppression where we feel it. She preferred to contend with her "old man's" sexism at home in the kitchen while fighting racism with him on the outside.

In an earlier workshop on class, caste, and race, a woman from "Women Armed for Revolution," (WAR) had outlined a plan whereby "white women work with white women, black with black," for the sake of the "working class women" who would eventually make the revolution. When I asked her to define a "working class woman," she did so by negation of professional women, students, housewives. She seemed to be expressing mixed guilt and insecurity as a white bourgeois sister. Four older women in the group, with 24 children among them, countered the WAR woman's proposition by describing how they had set up an inter-racial day care service in their neighborhood and helped each

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other to get to and through law school. Two women were black; two, white.

So we women, too, try to control and define each other, sometimes alienating each other, but sometimes there are real breakthroughs. At least we try to communicate in spite of tension and differences.

I could continue these musings for pages and pages but I should get on to my main purpose in writing. Since I've been here, I've met with several women's groups and gathered information on many interesting ideas and activities which I hope will be of use to Houston sisters. Let's see what you think...

Last Thursday I attended a meeting at the Woman's Refuge, a crisis center located in (but not controlled by) the YWCA. The "Y"s in this area are much more relevant than those in Houston and provide a good, permanent, neutral setting for women of different life styles to get together. The "Woman's Refuge" is a switchboard which finds temporary housing and provides critical information on abortions, jobs, health care and day care for women. It is also open for women to drop by to talk or rest in a quiet, supportive environment.

Last Thursday's meeting was the source of many ideas and suggestions. It was decided to have "psyche training" classes for women answering the phones or womaning the refuge. It was also decided to coordinate women wishing to enter consciousness-raising groups and to encourage women to join in "Y" classes as a group so that they could work, as well as rap, together. Other ideas were: 1) to encourage high school women from nearby to use the resources at



the center, especially counselling; 2) to initiate a "big sister" program for girls in need of an older friend; 3) to reach out to older women living alone in hotels or homes to bring them together, and finally, 4) to hold a general projects meeting, inviting women from all over the Bay area - from collectives, projects, publications - in order to rap about a women's center. Whew! A lot of energy. Of course, half that stuff won't happen, but the ideas are still admirable, as is the motivation. And even half is better than none.

Some other exciting women's projects in the Bay area are the International Women's History Archives, the Berkeley and San Francisco Women's Health Collectives, and Breakaway, a free education center for women. The women's history archives is a type of library and resource center, run by Laura X (yeah, "run"). On file at the archives are virtually all publications by feminists, whether pamphlets, newspapers or magazines. The women there have also recently begun to put information of relevance to women, such as periodicals, theses, curriculum, on microfilm at Bell and Howell. Any woman may have her book, or whatever, microfilmed and placed in the index which will then be distributed nationally by Bell and Howell and the archives (this system is especially intended for universities). Periodicals, articles and research may be submitted (in triplicate) to the Archives at 2325 Oak St., Berkeley, CA 94708.

The women's health collectives offer classes and counselling in gynecology, nutrition, mid-wifery, sexuality, childbirth and other fields. They also have great lecturers regularly. FREE. The Berkeley Collective has more than 100 members and has recently been promised \$6,200 by the Berkeley City Council to provide health services to women.

Breakaway is a free school similar to the University of Thought, for women. Classes are offered in music, theater, feminist research, women's art, and other subjects. The school is more than a year old now and has had good response from community women. Many other activities have been born of Breakaway classes.

And that's not all. There are so many other things going on here. There's so much creative energy among the sisters, it's startling. As I run into other tales of interest I promise to send them your way. Or else I'll see ya' back in Houston soon.

Your sister in and out of the struggle,
Marie Blazek

(I'm staying at 1637 Curtis St., Berkeley, CA 94702 if anyone needs more information or have specific questions. And I'll love to hear from you.)

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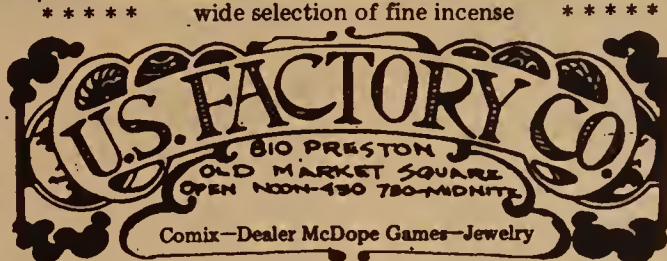
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Don Sanders, among others...

Platter Chatter

by John Lomax

I'm wondering what it all means when the Houston phone book now outweighs the telephone it serves.

Wondering too whether Alice Cooper or Peter Yarrow will record "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" next.

Ratchell and Jo Jo Gunne will share the bill when Emerson, Lake and Palmer come to town Sunday.

The Hole Thing is a new rock emporium located at 5411 Griggs. They are now open seven days a week from 11 a.m. on and are currently featuring Joshua, an LA group who I understand are quite skilled.

Houston received another shot in the arm when Love Street (1018 Commerce) reopened earlier this spring. Management booked Lightning Hopkins two weeks back and had Zephyr in for appearances two nights last week. Bidy reported that their singer, Candy Givens, was a stone wailer and that the whole group was quite friendly and talented.

Why don't you get off your butts and try these places on for size?

*Don Sanders *** Mean 'n Low Records *** 42m or so*

*I was down at the sportin house
the other night
Lookin' through the two-way
mirror*

*When President Nixon walked into
view
Stripped to his bare posterior*

*He was tellin' a lady in a black
leather mask
That he's a most unusual
favor to ask.*

Aaahh, Don Sanders, a cool breath of common sense over a conscience-stricken brain. Who else would construct an outlandish tale involving Nixon, abominable snowmen, Billy Graham, suburban wastelands and the eye of God?

Who else could come up with the "Coffee Song," merely being an insidious toe-tapping way to shorten your anxious moments till your beans attain percolation?

Where else have you heard or will you ever hear a blues song about roaches, "the oldest form of life we know?"

Where else can you hear the two sides of Don: side one being his compositions presented within the context of a group, and side two the fantastic fable "Grunt Mind and the American Love Story," a Sanders in Wonderland romp meant to be taken in doses. And always be care-

ful to check what he says on all levels; Don didn't get a degree in philosophy without sometimes pondering the deeper meanings.

It's an ironic shame that this record lacks a lyric sheet. Don's stories and songs stand as well on paper as vinyl and deserve treatment in two media. Don and his friends produced, recorded and arranged the record at their own expense and are making it available to you thru a unique marketing system for a mere \$2.10 if you go to the Old Quarter, Austin and Congress, on Thursday nights, or drop by to see Don personally at 1820 Branard on Sunday afternoons. Or you can mail Don \$2.50 at the above address (77006) and he'll have the government handle the transfer. Better hurry, this record has collector's item stamped all over it; only 1000 have been pressed.

*Anyone who must leave us
We will love you
We will miss you
If you have a chore to do
Please stop by when you get
through.*

95.
*Lou Reed *** RCA *** 38m 14s*

Is it mere coincidence that his initials are shared by the Lone Ranger and now Lou is above the Velvet Underground to test his own wings? He's back now with another label and a solo act from across the sea. The idea was to get away from New York into a new environment as well as to utilize the excellent facilities of London's Morgan studios.

Few rock writers have spawned song themes as disparate as "Sunday Morning," and "Heroin" from the Velvet's first album or "Jesus," contrasted to "Sister Ray" or "The Gift." But always that insistent, unremitting rhythm rippling like the flanks of a stalking leopard.

His departure from a group setup has enabled Lou to carve out a more

commercial sound. He's not part of an elite cult group now, but a name figure with an historic past. The 10 new songs in this album contain what have come to be recognized as elements in Lou's style-pounding bass, straight-forward drums and a peculiar stutter-style both in his guitar fingering and his singing. "I Can't Stand It," "Going Down," "Walk and Talk It," "I Love You," and "Wild Child" are all fine cuts and all are eligible for selection as a single. Lou has pared down his tracks considerably: the longest here runs 5½ minutes as against the 17 to tell of "Sister Ray."

Lou Reed has a delayed action effect like Van Morrison. He never compromises his music but forces the listener to attend him carefully for a time until his impact can be fully absorbed. Now if only the record companies will unsheathe some of the mysterious aura they have wrapped him in; how about one, just one clear picture of Lou? A picture is worth a thousand words but how many pictures does a song equal? Lou's ride around your turntable will benefit you both. Lou Reed has been what T Rex is trying to be for five years. 92.



*In Search of Space *** Hawkwind *** United Artists *** 42m 17s*

While a young pup I developed a keen interest in science fiction. 1957-65 saw me reading extensively in the field and indeed I still spend many happy hours curled around a new Sturgeon, Van Vogt or Asimov, or vintage Wells, Verne, Twain or Hawthorne. I had been reading Heinlein for ten years prior to *Stranger* and was a vet of Arthur

Clarke way before Stanley Kubrick shot 2001 times into the body of formula films.

Even before s-f came rock and roll, like in 1954 or so, before the alarm went off on Bill Haley's clock. In all this time no group has tried to combine the two fields save for Pink Floyd with their first album and cuts off the *Jefferson Starship*. Until Hawkwind, a six-part group from England.

Their debut album comes in a package with eight available surfaces of artwork and photos, the 24 page Hawkwind log, a truly remarkable document answering some of the eternal questions, and the record itself with the six members using three audio generators, a synthesizer, drums - and a bass guitarist who also plays acoustic and electric. Two of the generator manipulators also play more standard instruments like sax, flute and guitar.

But Hawkwind is outer space music; electronic/human concoctions to accompany you as you blaze your trail through the cosmos. The generators do provide an eerie touch, yet the group keeps a firm pulse via driving drums and strident guitars. You know, when you watch a propeller plane warm up the blade gets going so fast that there is a point when the spinning arms seem to reverse directions. The mind must reject what the eyes see - Hawkwind's music will force many critics to reject them because their brains will not believe what their ears convey.

Hawkwind's music is more rhythmic than that of Pink Floyd and is filled with touches from the Joseph Byrd *United States of America* album of a few years back. From the log:

*0600 hrs. 17 April 1978
Approaching Earth orbit
Before landing we played Hendrix.
Third stone from the sun.*

97, but Hawkwind are in worlds of their own.

*David Clayton-Thomas ** Columbia** 32m 49s*

Egad; another solo act. This giant step taken by the head wailer for Blood, Sweat and Tears, rocks' Big Band (a nonet which is filling David's gap with Bobby Doyle, the part-time Houstonian). David touched all the bases, recording this in New York, Los Angeles and Memphis. He uses no original songs but sticks to numbers from the likes of Gary Wright, Edgar Winter, Paul Kelley and Todd Rundgren. There is a restrained version of "Don't Let It Bring You Down," which I thought was written by Neil Young. Apparently Columbia thinks Neil Diamond wrote it.

Clayton-Thomas has had five #1 singles in Canada dating back to 1963

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and went on the road as John Lee Hooker's lead guitarist in 1967. From 1969 on he fronted BS&T, gaining ever-increasing glory till now in 1972 we have a new career as a headliner. And DC-T presented us with four separate engineers, two different string sections, flutes, flugel horns, French horns and even a piccolo trumpet. I counted 46 separate supporting musicians in the track-by-track musical credits before stopping. Move over Tom Jones and look out Hollywood, this Canuck is on his way. Thud, grunt and blares replace blood, sweat and tears. 72



The Kink Kronikles * Kinks*****
Warner-Reprise *** 2-record set 86m 00s

Betcha' didn't know the Kinks have had 14 albums now didja? Along the way they were barred from our pristine shores by the American Federation of Musicians for heinous crimes and rude behavior perpetrated during a 1965 tour. After the ban was lifted the Kinks busied themselves making drunken tours and recording their curious, sociological albums like *Lola vs. Powerman and the Moneygoround*, *Arthur*, *The Village Green Preservation Society* and *Muswell Hillbillies*. Most of the selections in these Kronikles are late Kinks with none of their early singles like "You Really Got Me," "Well Respected Man," "All Day and All of the Night," "Dedicated Follower of Fashion," and "Tired of Waiting for You."

The songs are listed on the cover; what you see there is what you'll get. Plus the entire inside is devoted to informative liner notes penned by John Mendelsohn, an able rock critic who is also employed as lead vocalist for Christopher Milk. You'll have to decide on this one as there are both Kinkophiles and Kinkophobes lurking in the world. It may be prudent to keep in mind the fact that their first album predated the Who's first by 19 months.

History of Eric Clapton * Atco *****
2-record set *** 79m 53s

Sixteen choices here from the Yardbirds first lp to the *Layla* double in 1970. The collection is arranged chronologically following Eric from Yardbirds to John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, to Cream, then Blind Faith, then thru Eric's solo album, a set with King Curtis, Delaney and Bonnie and finally the *Layla* sessions with the Dominoes and Duane Allman.

Eric plays with people like Allman, Mayall, Steve Winwood, Jack Bruce, Bobby Whitlock, Carl Radle, Leon Russell, Dave Mason, Jimmy Page, John McVie, Rick Grech, George Harrison, the original Yardbirds and many others. It seems that five years of Eric's life is compressed into this 80 minute package.

Don't look for it to be a greatest hits album, but a close look at one of the world's best known guitarists. Could have used recording dates for each cut, but that's a petty bitch. Personally I would have preferred less than 27m 50s of Cream and much more early Yardbirds and Bluesbreakers. I suppose Atco bowed to the loyal fans who felt they must hear "Spoonful" one more time. Nice to see Janis Parks quoted in the liner notes. Who'll put the knock on Eric Clapton? Not me.

This Is the Youngbloods * RCA *****
60m 19s 2-record set

A rather short double album presenting selections from *Earth Music*, *Together*, *Elephant Mountain*, and *The Best of the Youngbloods*. If you already have the first three albums you'll want to pass this one up, for there is only one song not included on these three. I'm sure *Best* also has a

bunch of these as well. RCA's strategy of following a Best Hits album with a Double Best Hits disc is to milk you as dry of \$\$\$ as possible because, you see, the Youngbloods are now on another label. Let the buyer beware.

If you don't have anything, or only one Youngbloods disc, then you'll want to pick it up. I'm no English teacher, but shouldn't it be "These are the Youngbloods?" Would/did you say these are/this is the Beatles?

Graham Nash David Crosby * Atco *****
35m 46s

Who's next? We haven't had an album from Steve Stills and Neil Young yet, nor one from Young and Crosby. What is this? In two years these four clunks have produced umpteen undistinguished albums, all padded out with every stray musician from Nogales to Nashville. Only Niel Young has risen above this miasma of mediocrity, and his latest doesn't measure up to his own earlier work. Kick out the scams, record buyers! Bust up this trust of fat cats and make them scratch out something that doesn't put dogs and little children to sleep.

I played this thing 2½ times and cannot remember one riff from even one cut. When I was a kid and got into mischief with my cohorts, the adults would always say: "Break it up boys."

The most exciting thing happening to this delegation of dreary duds in two years was Stills' cocaine bust. No wonder Neil is always mopin' around. 58

Bare Trees * Fleetwood Mac *****
Warner-Reprise *** 35m 50s

Although somewhat off their peak form in *Future Games*, Fleetwood Mac nonetheless have retained their rich rocking mixture. Pianist Christine McVie comes through better on this effort, but there is less scorching guitar interplay between leads Danny Kirwan and Bob Welch.

Maybe one reason FM have not attained the popularity they deserve lies in their stunning ability to produce songs crafted so well they seem simple and inevitable. Just listen for the guitar lines in "Sunny Side of Heaven" or the vocal on "Homeward Bound" or the total flow in "Child of Mine" and "Bare Trees."

Going back thru the years to the time when FM and "heavy radio" were in their infancy, I can recall instances when some song would float by so astounding that you sat glued to the radio waiting to find out *who* it was weaving such a spell over your helpless ears. Quite often I later found Fleetwood Mac to be the culprit.

The cover photography by bass John McVie is as starkly beautiful as the music inside. 91

Bob Mosley * Warner-Reprise *****
36m 04s

What do you get when you split a grape? If it's a Moby Grape, you get a solo album from Skip Spence and now one from Bob. With more to come, I'm sure. The record industry just won't give up, after resuscitating the group at least once a year for four years they are turning to the solo album concept to extract the gold juice from them thar peels.

But the magic of Moby Grape's first album has proven very elusive, and indeed has only been seen in glimmers since that shimmering masterpiece of mid-1967. Bob Mosley wrote some fine songs for the Grape - most notably "What a Beautiful Day Today," "Come in the Morning," and "Mr. Blues." This go-round features one fantastic cut, "Gone Fishin'," a 2½ minute smooth rocker with riverflow rhythm and a lazy day. There are several other efforts like "The Joker" and "Gypsy Wedding," which prove Bob's continuing familiarity with raucous 'n roll.

There will be some who label this a disappointment, but only because so much is expected. Maybe it would be best just to let Moby Grape wither on the vine and have the quintet go their own ways, never mentioning their previous affiliation. Even the bes grape juice goes bad with age. A promising new beginning. 85

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Reviews are difficult. Objectivity is a myth, one learns these days.

I will therefore give you three sets of biases: remarks in the article will be presumed to have been filtered through all three prisms.

I'm a Yankee by birth, a Southerner by geographical upbringing, a history student by choice. I had ancestors who fought on both sides of the Civil War; but the lore of Reconstruction, as with most to whom the sight of the Confederate flag was not, in youth, an object of fear, hatred, or comedy, still must be discounted when studying history. It's all so compelling: Scarlett O'Hara eating turnips while the ex-slaves revelled, noble warriors for the Fallen Cause denied the votes of their neighbors because of the unconstitutional Iron-clad Oath (my great grand-uncle's hangs above my father's desk at home), leading instead to representation by carpetbaggers or "unlettered blacks."

So much for one set of biases. Lt. Col. Craven's are a bit harder to come by. The thought of a jaunt through the index of "The Official Records of the Union and the Confederacy in the Late War of the Rebellion" didn't thrill me into researching his background. Craven's book is in the form of a diary, noting mainly (1) the patient's symptoms (2) the name and regiment of the Officer of the Day who accompanied the surgeon on his visits, and (3) the topics of conversation raised between Mr. Davis and the Doctor. The nobility of the patient is a constant theme — as is the Doctor's previous battlefield services to the Union. (He was apparently very worried about getting in trouble for having said a nice word in public about Ol'Jeff.) Primarily the Doctor's position is that he must give this man the best care he can, regardless (ah, the days before the AMA when Hippocrates' Oath was not regarded with amused disdain); and that the prisoner has the right not to be subject to undue humiliation.

Davis himself is truly amazing. He has, of course, the unenlightened stereotypes towards black people which one would expect (and though

one might not expect them in Lincoln, they are there too). The stunning political achievement of having remained President of the Confederacy during its entire existence is not described, which is a pity. I'd like to know how he pulled that off. He does refer to "malcontents" in the Confederate government who were always causing him trouble; but that is the standard 19th century public method of not dealing with the political issues the opposition raises. Some of that method has even carried over into the 20th, one hears.

Davis further makes remarks approving of aristocracy, denigrative of democracy, and — always — protestive of the constitutionality of the South's attempt at separation. Thus much of the popular view of Davis is correct.

So, within all those constraints, the following gems occur: "One of the accounts he [Davis] had against Benjamin Franklin, was the latter's fierce attack on the gentle fisherman. Indeed Franklin had said many things not of benefit to mankind. His soul was a true type or incarnation of the New England character — hard, calculating, angular, unable to conceive any higher object than the accumulation of money. He was the most material of great intellects. None of the lighter graces or higher aspirations found favor in his sight . . . The hard, grasping, money-grubbing, pitiless and domineering spirit of the New England Puritans found in Franklin a true exponent . . . His school of common sense was the apotheosis of selfish prudence. He could rarely err, for men err from excess of feeling, and Franklin had none . . . and, while he confessed to disliking him, he was compelled to admire his "Poor Richard" from its sinewy force." (pp. 79-80)

The result of the quoted remark, and others — say, concerned with natural science (Davis has a wonderful description of the life cycle of a certain sanddwelling carnivore, and reassuring statements to make about the water-moccasin), or with various attributes of moral nobility — is a picture of a particularly fastidious politician. No pillar of fire by night, as far as followability in his opinions goes: but certainly not the mere mischiefmaker of official Northern propaganda either. It would be difficult to find a Southern elective official of Davis's probity and breadth of interest here in 1972 — one had almost said a national public official. But the lesson the Doctor wrote between the lines cannot safely be ignored.

— Jamie Yeager

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Unclassifieds

LONESOME MALE - UPTIGHT, really in need for someone to write. Somewhere in age ranging twenty-six or up to thirty; Fair and Fly. Vernon Akins, 7200990, D-1, Cell 22 2600 So. Calif., Cook County Jail, Chicago, Ill. 60608.

NEED HELP TO GET OUTSIDE information. Need to know what's happening. Ginger Lewis, 3903 Kelli; Marsha Mahoney, Box 3156; Phyllis Lorenz, 2307 Truman, Bryan, Texas 77801.

WANTED: ONE COPY OF EASTER Everywhere - Elevators. 528-5958. Ask for PAM.

ANYONE TO WRITE SOME HEAVY heads who have a rock group in the pen. Could dig it very much to correspond with some heavy chicks and musicians too. Joseph F. Dowis, P.O. Box 511, 132-045, Columbus, Ohio 43216
David Schweitzer, 133-466, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

I, ALONG WITH MY FRIENDS HERE are painfully incarcerated at The Ohio State Reformatory. Any females wishing for an exchange of expression, write to: Fred Barry, 78269, P.O. Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901
Or any of the following:
Terry Camp, 80872
William Armentrout, 80731
George Paulin, 83413.

I AM A 20 YEAR OLD ARIES in prison right now and could dig getting some letters from anyone wanting to write. Let's get it together. Thanks. Fred Goodman 230700 P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

A PRISONER OF THE OHIO STATE Penitentiary will very much appreciate corresponding with anyone caring to write. Ron Welch, 130 140 P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio, 43216.

DEEPEST THANKS TO ED MALLET, who is a real friend and one of Houston's finest lawyers.

I'M PRESENTLY SERVING A THREE year sentence here at the Pig Pen in Washington. Could dig hearing from anyone who would care to write. My address is: Robert J. Keller, 127693, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

MEDITERRANEAN SOFA & CHAIR: \$30. Also, rocking chair with cushions and ashtray stand, \$30. Call after 5pm: Helen Duran at 522-8426.

CONVICT, 26 YEARS OF AGE, looking for interesting people to correspond with; color don't matter to me if it don't to you. Write to: Ron Browning, No. 125538, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. Will answer all letters, if there are any.

AWAITING TRIAL, BUSTED, would like to receive mail. Am not writing anyone, and I will answer all mail. Larry Farina, 7201773 -D-1, 2600 So. California, Chicago, IL 60608.

RIDE NEEDED to New York on or about May 1; will share costs and driving. Call Leonard at 667-5562. Thanks.

WHAT ARE YOUR HEALTH RIGHTS? All medical patients have rights that are protected by law! Information and referral to free legal assistance in Harris Co. Call after 5:00, 523-1445. Medical Committee for Human Rights.

WE ARE A FAMILY OF FOUR who want to share our home life with an expectant girl or mother and child. Wife - 24, husband - 29, daughters - 4 and 2. We want someone who enjoys life but is having a hard time going it alone. Room and board for \$75 month. Please write: L & M, 4008 Nevada, Dickinson, Texas 77539.

AM DOING TIME IN JACKSON Prison. Would like female correspondence. Ages - 17 - 30. Send picture if possible. Bob Sisler, 129810-2-3-1, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Michigan.

A FREAK THAT CAN FIX COKE machines, for a freak business, please call 227-5818, ask for Jimmy. Will pay what work is worth, and perhaps trade in merchandise.

LOST: Small blk/white male Lhasa Apso, Mar 25, Richmond/Montrose. Answers to Sunshine, Tags, Rhinestone collar. Heartworms. Call 529-1377 or 771-4059.

FOR SALE: '66 Chevy Impala, 4-door, A/C power steering, fit to cross Africa and only \$725! Call 729-4213 after 5.

GET A PET FROM THE S.P.C.A. Happy birthday Mary D. Love you, The Diller.

CASEY JONES: Saw you in the park. Like you to get in contact with me. Call Vicky at 665-2057.

RIDE WANTED: Share expenses, to either Buffalo, Rochester, or Syracuse, New York State, between April 21st and April 30th, Call 664-5058. Ask for Steve or leave phone number.

DENNIS KELLER: We need you to sing for potential super group; cannot locate you otherwise. Call Ronnie Corb as soon as possible at 729-4658 or call Jerry Campbell c/o Sunshine Co. at 626-4623.

WORKING CHICK wants to share apt. with same—prefer S.W. area. Call Bekki at 626-7189 after 5:00 or weekends.

KUNDALINI YOGA: Potent yoga for the Aquarian age. Classes held 6pm Mon-Sat at 1123 Jackson Blvd. They're FREE!

WOULD LIKE TO START HARD DR acid rock band in Pasadena, So. Houston area. Have already guitar and drummer. Need BASS PLAYER and GOOD ORGANIST. Call 946-3650 ask for David. Call between 8:30pm-10:00pm. Ages 14-17.

CALIFORNIA PRISON INMATE desires letters from far-out freaks to help pass the lonely hours. All letters will be answered. Photo, please? Thanks very much. Joe Kennedy, Box B-38092, Jamestown, CA 95327.

YOU COULD BE READING the chocolate sirloin of Dadaism. Send a penny and a self-addressed envelope to The Salamander Weekly, P.O. Box 4773, Austin, TX 78765.

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.

Letters

Cont. from page 2

splitting hut he later died at the vet's.

Disposal is by means of carbon monoxide poisoning. This whole horror show is open to the public from 8:30 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

If you lose your pet and you can get to him before these pigs kill him they will actually have the nerve to want to charge you for returning your own pet to you. It takes a low down heartless pig to repay man's best friend in this way. The Houston SPCA at 519 Studemont also kills animals.

The prior responsibility of the revolution is to the prisoners of this fascist, racist, unjust society. This includes the occupants of prisons, jails, mental institutions, zoos, slaughterhouses and dog pounds. These sadistic institutions must be liberated. The true social criminals are those who run them.

Dogs and cats get a worse shake than people whom the pig society considers undesirable such as blacks, chicanos and hippies. This is because they have no voice with which to defend themselves and are therefore railroaded to their death without even a trial for the mere crime of existing. The ruling class pigs don't even want the animals to share the streets with their Cadillacs. This is the typical, sick mentality of the pig's death culture where the machine has priority over the living creature.

It is time for the exposure of these atrocities against innocent animals. The concerned segments of society should mobilize their efforts against these low down pig administrators of death and suffering to halt the cruelty and to spare the lives of their innocent victims.

Obviously our brothers and sisters such as Lee Otis Johnson and Angela Davis must be liberated by any means necessary but their issues have already been spoken for. It is now time to turn our attention

to the sea of forgotten faces among our animal friends who need representation and all the help they can get as soon as possible.

We must struggle on all fronts until that glorious day when the revolution of the masses shall overthrow and smash the existing order of things thereby destroying the prisons and oppressive institutions that bring suffering and death to man and beast. None are free until we all are free. As long as one human, puppy or kitten remains prisoner the pigs responsible must be opposed relentlessly until they are defeated and removed from power. Here is a list of local animal prisons and execution camps.

Houston-Harris County pound
2700 Evella-222-3501.

Pasadena 3516 Pasadena Fwy.
447-4481

W. University 2801 N. Braeswood
668-4441

Jacinto City, behind sewage plant
6723472.

Pearland, off Industrial Road
485-3410.

Deer Park, end of E. 2nd St.
479-2394.

Southside Place, rear sewage plant
668-2341

Bellaire, rear 7016 S. Rice
668-0487

Houston Humane Society,
14700 Alameda Rd. 433-6421.

Houston SPCA, 519 Studemont
861-1023.

Concerned people should gather information and photographs of the operations in their area for public exposure on the conditions. Based on such substantial proof, counter-actions should be directed against existing cruelties with the objective of halting all such procedures.

Let us not forget the poor, vagrant beast who is everybody's nigger, spic and hippy all rolled into one.

Sincerely in Revolutionary Solidarity with all oppressed victims, human and otherwise—

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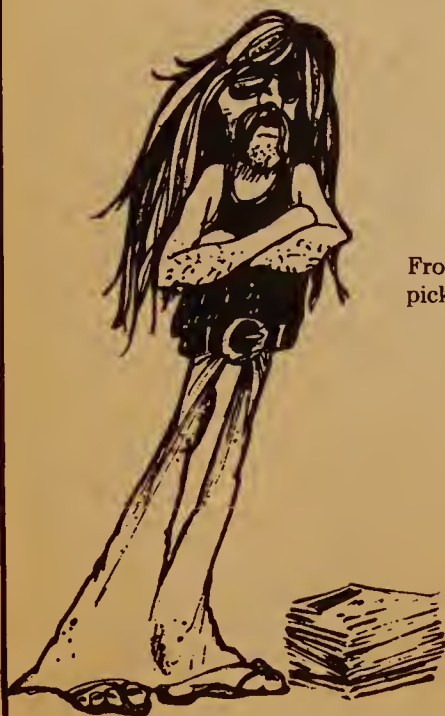


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Alias Richard M. Nixon, Richard Nixon, Tricky Dick.

CAUTION: Nixon reportedly has been associated with persons who advocate the use of explosives and may have acquired firearms. Consider dangerous.

Nixon is wanted for conspiring with the government to murder tens of thousands of American soldiers and at least one million Vietnamese. He is also wanted in connection with the murders of 28 Black Panthers, four Kent State students and two Jackson State students.

If you have information concerning this person, please help bring him to justice.

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